

The Australian **WOMAN'S WEEKLY**

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Personal Interviews with "Everyday" People

"It's not easy to be polite"



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30 APR 1948
OF NEW SOUTH WALES



The Wild BUNCH

"Come and kiss your new father," Leonora cried, putting her arm protectively round George.

SHAMELESSLY holding her husband's hand, Leonora said, "They'll love you, George." Mr. Daniels flushed and sat back in the taxi; he was still a little surprised that he was actually married. He was a trifle frightened. When you are a quiet bachelor, growing a little precise, it is exciting enough to have married a dashing widow without having wed yourself to her family and her enormous country house besides. Mr. Daniels had done just that, and was desperately trying to recall what his new family were like. There were three children, two girls and a boy. He had seen them only once, at the wedding. Then he and Leonora had gone dashing away on their honeymoon. The children would certainly find him somewhat different from their deceased father, Major Alec Drew, who seemed to have been a gentleman rider in steeplechases, a tennis champion, and a notable hand with small boats. Mr. Daniels, who was quite tired, rumpled himself in the radiance of his wife, who never seemed to tire at all, and allowed himself to think of her house, which would now be his. He had never seen it, since, when he had met, wooed, and married Leonora, who had been living in a friend's apartment in New York. His wife thrust her head out the back window. "Here's Connemara! Here it is. Welcome home, George!" With superb indifference to what

the taxi driver might think, she gave him a soft warm kiss. Mr. Daniels tried to see what his estate was like and couldn't because his wife was in the way. He had an impression of a long driveway through a tangled wilderness, and then the taxi stopped by the front steps. There was the house and it was enormous. He had very little time to look at it because Leonora was leaping from the taxi and tugging him by the hand. Mr. Daniels was now about to meet his new family in a hurry. The first was a huge object, identifiable as a dog, which glared at him and growled. And those persons, those quite large and alarming persons who were so thoroughly hugging and kissing Leonora, were undoubtedly his new children. They were making a great deal of noise. Mr. Daniels, lost and alone, looked upward. In the background he beheld an enormous colored woman, billowing in an apron, and a lean, tall colored man—dressed all in black—who sorrowfully descended to collect his bags. Leonora suddenly snatched him into his family circle. "David! Carlotta! Louise! Here's your George. Come and kiss your new father." George surveyed the motley crew in growing dismay. He saw a small boy with straw-colored hair, clad in

a filthy pair of shorts, who seemed to be followed about by a rather extraordinary looking cat. He beheld a dark, leggy girl in riding breeches, and another—in as blonde one—in as little of a sunsuit as he had ever seen. They all stared at him and howled. Mr. Daniels did wish his wife wouldn't be so overpowering, and he hastily said, "Of course they don't want to be kissed. Why should they?" The enormous colored woman slowly came toward Leonora. "Miz Daniels, they'm a telegram for you." Leonora ripped it open. "Oh, my ha! Aunt Kate's sick down in Virginia and she wants me to come at once." The dog began to bark violently, the children's voices rose, and on a strident tide of sound Mr. Daniels found himself being hauled, pushed, or somehow propelled into the house. He had the impression it was vast, disorderly, and dusty, and then Leonora was addressing him: "I know it's dreadful, George, but I've just got to go. And it'll be such a nice chance for you to get acquainted with the children."

By GORDON M. HILLMAN

Mr. Daniels, beyond words, managed a feeble nod. He had, after all, known that Leonora was an unusual woman when he married her. She hurled her hat on to the sofa and started issuing orders. "Carlotta, call the airlines office and get me something on a southbound plane. I want my light brown suitcase. Where's my case, Louise?" "I guess it's in the Chamber of Horrors," said the blonde girl in the sunsuit. Leonora pounced down the hall,

she wrenched open a closet door, and torrents of things began to fall out. Mr. Daniels, fascinated, beheld fishing rods, riding boots, a pair of white jodhpurs, two umbrellas, and a wooden decoy duck. Leonora and Louise plunged bodily in and began throwing out even more alarming articles. Carlotta's heels came clattering down the hall. "Seat on the six-o'clock plane, Leo. You'll have to snap into it." Three-quarters of an hour later Mr. Daniels came to the uncomfortable realization that he was in a strange house, surrounded by the most frightening set of children he had ever met. The lean, colored man, more doleful than ever, was picking up his bags, and Mr. Daniels dutifully followed. They came into an enormous cavern of a bedroom and the lean colored man said, "Sodom and Gomorrah" quite clearly. "Hi-hi?" said Mr. Daniels in some surprise. The lean servant began opening bags. "These chilluns. They way they acts. An' me an elder in mah church. They calls me Uncle Sim, and why I stays heah I don't know." He slid silently away and Mr. Daniels met his bedroom face to face. There were crossed rapiers over the mantel; a fox's mask glared at him from a corner; a huge silver cup seemed to have been won by the late Major Drew at polo. With such a dashing, sporting father, it was unlikely that his progeny would care much for Mr. Daniels as a substitute, even if he was vice-president of a large publishing house. For Mr. Daniels was afraid of horses, his tennis was extremely bad, and his only desire in regard to small boats was to get out of them as quickly as possible. He went over to the large dusty mirror to see if he could find any redeeming qualities in himself. What he saw was a rather short, apple-cheeked gentleman who looked like a small cherub and was undoubtedly

unsuited to deal with rough, vigorous children. The large colored woman came round the door. "Ah'm Aunt Cassie an' dinnah's ready when you are." She gave him a compassionate look. "Now, sub, don't you worry about anything." Mr. Daniels began to worry a good deal. Aunt Cassie went away and Mr. Daniels began to dress himself beautifully to meet his family. He descended half an hour later to find they hadn't bothered to wait for him. There they sat about the major's really fine mahogany dining-table dressed precisely as Mr. Daniels had seen them earlier. "Good evening, Carlotta. Good evening, Louise. Good evening, David," said Mr. Daniels rapidly. His family snarled, "Good evening, George," and went on eating. Mr. Daniels moved gingerly round the large dog, which bared its teeth. On his other side he observed the striped cat. "Shut up, Alcibiades," said Carlotta, and slapped the dog. Mr. Daniels helped himself to excellent food, and so missed the start of the savage argument between his female children. "After all," he heard Carlotta observe, "You might do something besides mush with every boy in town." "Just because no boy'd ever want to mush with you!" said Louise. "And let me tell you, sister dear—" Mr. Daniels plunged manfully into the fray. "If I were a young man, I'm sure I'd like nothing better than to ah-mush with anyone as handsome as Miss Carlotta." There was a dead and depressing silence and all his family stared at him. He had been told he had uncommon charm with women; it had been said he was simply wonderful with children. Mr. Daniels realised woefully that this wasn't so. After dinner they retired to the living-room, and Mr. Daniels stared at untired heads while his new offspring stared at him with a cold, hard, utter dislike. Mr. Daniels wilted, and the tiger cat suddenly leaped, purring, into his lap. "Well, will you look at Peter!" David cried. "Gosh, Peter never sits on anyone's lap." "Cats haven't any sense," said Carlotta pleasantly. Mr. Daniels went to bed with the uncomfortable feeling that all his children hated him, and that his only ally was a large cat. Next morning was Sunday, gloomy and grey, and Mr. Daniels' spirits took a sharp drop when he entered the dining-room.

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SOON..

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SEVERAL papers were strewn about the floor, and among them reclined or sat his family with plates and coffee cups beside them.

Mr. Daniels sat down primly in his proper place at table and started to sort his horrid children out.

"Do you always breakfast on the floor?" he inquired with as much brightness as he could muster.

"When we want to," said Louise shortly, and began to talk to Carlotta.

Mr. Daniels, snubbed, had a strong desire to spank his whole family, and was sorry his daughters seemed a little too large for it.

So he stared round the dusty room instead and perceived that the late major's furniture and his silver and glass showed discrimination and taste. The only trouble was that no one seemed to look after them, and even the brasses had gone green.

He felt a paw soft against his leg, and it was his friend the cat.

Again he felt acutely aware that this was his only ally in the whole hostile household.

The morning dragged interminably. In the afternoon, he was extremely glad to remember that he had an important manuscript to read, for the very house seemed to resent him.

The manuscript was quite absorbing, and he was much annoyed after a lapse of some hours to glance up and see David standing before him.

David's face had a different look; an alarmed look. "I can't find Peter," he said. "You haven't seen him, have you, Georgie?"

Mr. Daniels did not like to be called Georgie by dirty and disagreeable small boys. "No." He went back to his manuscript. When he looked up again, David was still there.

David said, "Something's happened to him."

Mr. Daniels had the swift sense that his stepson was asking for help. He put the manuscript down. "Oh, he's just gone about his own business. Can't do you know?"

David looked despairing, as if he'd known this new father of his wouldn't be any good. "But, Georgie, he isn't that kind of cat. He always follows me round. And he didn't come home to lunch. He didn't come home at all."

It was one of Mr. Daniels' weaknesses that he never could stand seeing anyone in trouble. He jumped up, and rain was streaming against the window. "All right, David, we'll go look for him. Get a torch, will you?"

Half an hour later he was very wet and it was growing dark. But David—a quite different sort of David—was holding him tightly by the hand.

"I g-guess," David was saying, "we'll have to give up."

Mr. Daniels had to keep on because someone was depending on him. "Oh, no we won't, Davy."

He thought he heard a soft sound and he turned the flashlight to where the driveway met the main road. The big striped cat was dragging itself along with one leg limp behind it.

Mr. Daniels was quite tired that night after he had got the vet and the vet had set Peter's leg and had gone away again.

The big cat lay on a soft blanket in a basket and it licked Mr. Daniels' hand as he set it down in David's room.

David looked down on it. "Will Peter be all right, Georgie? Will he really be all right?"

"Oh, yes, he'll be quite all right," said Mr. Daniels.

He was conscious of a small bony arm about his waist and a very shy voice, too.

The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 3

"Good-night, Georgie."

Mr. Daniels hadn't known it would be so pleasant to have a son.

The next day was different, quite different. For David was most appreciative, and even the girls seemed to have softened toward him a trifle.

After breakfast they all abruptly vanished, so Mr. Daniels decided to do two things: read the Greek Anthology to rest his nerves, and explore his new and alarming house.

He put the small book in his pocket and went gingerly up the stairs. The more vast and dusty bedrooms he saw, the more he became convinced that nobody had ever bothered to clean up anything, dust anything, or even pick up anything.

Mr. Daniels sighed at such wild disorder, and climbed a winding flight of stairs to a turret room. On a window seat Carlotta was hunched up, writing in a leather-bound book.

She saw him, and slapped the book shut. "Don't you dare look!" Mr. Daniels sat down in a shabby chair.

"I won't."

Carlotta swung her boots down to the floor, and her eyes were defiant. "It's poetry. I write poetry. Now start laughing."

He'd have to go very softly. Mr. Daniels thought, for Carlotta wasn't what she seemed.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," he said mildly.

HE pulled a book out of his pocket and handed it to her: "Do you know this one of Callimachus?" Turning the pages, he began to read:

"They told me, Heracles, they told me you were dead, They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed. I wept as I remembered how often you and I

Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

"And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,

A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;

For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

The defiance drained from Carlotta's eyes. "It makes me want to cry."

"Quite all right," Mr. Daniels told her. "I always cry when I hear anyone sing 'Loch Lomond.'"

"So do I—buckets."

They sat smiling at each other as if they found they were friends.

Her voice was much softer when she spoke again. "Georgie, would you do something for me?"

"Surely, unless it's something too terrible."

Carlotta looked quite troubled. "I don't know whether it is or not. I'm supposed to stay at Miss Hammond's school to be finished, and I don't want to. I'd like to go up to a little college in Vermont instead—where I'll learn something."

Mr. Daniels pulled out his pipe and lit it, for he suddenly felt quite comfortable with this dark daughter of his.

"About poetry?"

"Poetry and a lot of other things. I'd like to take a degree in English Lit., I think. You see, Georgie, at old Hammond's I'm just the girl who's good at games. Nobody dreams I'd ever want to learn anything, nobody ever will."

Yes, Mr. Daniels considered, they'd think that you were a girl without an idea in her head. I did, myself. But he only said, "What does Leonora say?"

Carlotta put her chin in her hands. "Leo's a dear, but she always thinks everything's lovely just the way it is, and she can never see anything right under her own nose. She went to Hammond's herself, and she loved it, so—"

"So you wish I'd talk to her?"

Carlotta nodded. "There's no reason why you should, because I've not been very nice to you."

Mr. Daniels puffed away on his pipe and admired his new daughter. "You couldn't be expected to share at having a strange father hung at you."

Carlotta gave him a shy smile. "You see right inside people, don't you, Georgie? Alec never did though he was a grand father. Alec just decided we'd be a ridin', humin', and shootin' family, and he never bothered to find out whether that was what we really wanted or not. And Leo can't see us because we're too close to her. So, because we're not quite happy, we're an awful set of little savages."

Mr. Daniels put the book back in his pocket. "Not so awful," he said. "Lunchtime would have been a very pleasant meal if it hadn't been for Louise."

Louise said grandly, "Shan't be home to dinner. I'm going to the Deans' party."

Carlotta raised her dark head. "I don't think you'd better, Leo."

Louise became angry at once. "Oh, you don't! And why shouldn't I, sister dear?"

"Because," Carlotta said faintly, "they're too old for you and too tough."

Mr. Daniels remembered he had heard Leonora speak of the Deans with disapproval. So he hesitated to intervene. "I shouldn't go if I were you, Louise. After all, you are pretty young and—"

"I'm sick of being told I'm young!" Louise said, and flung herself out of the room.

Mr. Daniels was much disturbed. He was even more disturbed late that afternoon when he came round the corner of the terrace to see Louise being driven rapidly away in a car that was crammed with people. They did not look like nice people to Mr. Daniels, and they did look tough.

He wondered what he might have done about it, and didn't know. He could think of nothing short of having locked Louise in her room.

He still didn't know after dinner that evening when he sat in the disordered living-room and watched the sudden rain stream down the long, leaded windows.

He was all alone with a book on his lap, and then wasn't for the big dog had come into the room.

The dog was quite close to Mr. Daniels now. It sat down and put an apologetic paw on his knee.

"Aleibides," said Mr. Daniels sternly, "you need a bath."

The door opened and Louise came in. Her hair was plastered to her head, her long dress was one way ruin, her slippers were a mass of mud.

"I didn't like the party," she said. Mr. Daniels rose in determination. He seized his erring daughter by the arm. "You come straight out to the kitchen and I'll make you a hot drink."

He had never seen a more agitated young woman nor a meeker one. She collapsed into a chair at the kitchen table. "They all got beastly drunk, Georgie."

Mr. Daniels said he wasn't surprised.

"So," Louise told him dimly, "nobody'd bring me home, so I just climbed out a window and walked."

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM





Anxiously, Saburov listened for Babchenko's heartbeats.

Days and Nights

Our magnificent serial — a story of besieged Stalingrad and of men and women who took part in the epic struggle.

CAPTAIN SABUROV was awakened by the thunder of cannon-fire. Before he even opened his eyes, he fumbled for the coat folded by his side, and put it on. Then he sat on the edge of his cot, his brain whirling a little, the events of the past weeks passing through his mind like some confused, nightmare procession.

Almost four weeks now he had been fighting in besieged Stalingrad — weeks that seemed sometimes minutes, sometimes centuries. And how much had occurred in them.

First there had been that grim journey with his battalion to the banks of the Volga, then the crossing of the Volga itself.

The crossing of the Volga! It was then that he had first met, talked with Anya. . . Anya, the nurse who took charge of the wounded when they were being brought from the besieged city, back across the Volga to hospital. . . Anya, who each day came more and more persistently to his thoughts. . .

What was it she had said as they stood together on the steamer?

"I get frightened that suddenly I'll be killed and there won't be any-

thing left. There won't be anything of what I've always dreamed about."

"What won't there be?" he had asked. "There won't be anything at all. Do you know how old I am? I'm eighteen. . . I've dreamed how I would study, how I would go to Moscow, and everywhere, everywhere. . . and I haven't been anywhere at all. I've dreamed. . ."

In a whisper she had continued: "I've dreamed how I'd fall in love and get married, and there hasn't been any of that. So I sometimes get frightened that suddenly none of this will happen at all."

Last week she had been wounded herself. He had seen the stretcher-bearers carrying her away, and swiftly he had stooped and kissed her, surprising himself. But when he raised his face he saw that she was looking at him with clear understanding in her eyes, and he knew that he had done this with her permission—that she had wanted it, too.

He had not seen her since, had had no word of her. All his time had been taken up in bitter, relent-

less fighting. That's how it had been ever since that first night he set foot on the soil of Stalingrad. That first night! Sitting on the edge of the cot, his thoughts turned back to it now. There had been a meeting at Staff Headquarters, brisk and methodical in its decisions, strangely incongruous in other respects. Headquarters were located for the time being in the cellar of a ruined building, a deep burrow encircled by concrete supports and illuminated by a hanging storm lantern.

The orders had been given by Colonel Protsenko, commander of the division, a man whom Saburov had known well for a long time. They had fought together at Voronezh,

senko had said, looking hard at Babchenko. "It's night fighting in a city you don't know. The more men you use, the more confusion there will be and the more losses. Surprise and determination, but not numbers, you understand, Comrade Babchenko?"

Then he had turned to Saburov. "You must understand, too, that at night it's not numbers but surprise. Just as it was at Voronezh. Do you remember Voronezh?"

"Yes," Saburov had answered simply.

"Well then, that's all. Fight the way you did at Voronezh, and even better. That's all the good advice there is."

Saburov had remembered those words through all the subsequent action. His own actual assignment was the recapture of three apartment houses recently occupied by the Germans. He had succeeded, then in one of the houses he had set up a command post, aided by his Chief of Staff, Maslennikov.

Maslennikov — Saburov smiled gently, thinking of him. Only a youngster, only twenty, this was his first action, and he was passionately eager to make good.

His devotion to his captain was quite touching to the older man. Sometimes Maslennikov seemed to Saburov almost his own son, younger than he by nine years and by one year of war—which meant more than ten years younger.

Touching to Saburov, too, was the devotion of his orderly, an enterprising tommy-gunner, affectionately called Petya by everybody.

Petya was distinguished by courage, thoughtfulness, and a happy disposition, the three chief qualities to be desired in an orderly. To secure something no one else could get was his special joy.

When there was nothing to eat, Saburov would send Petya out to look for food, and he would always find something. When there was nothing to smoke, Petya would find tobacco. When there was nothing to drink, Petya could always come up with a little keg of vodka.

Thinking of both these, Saburov smiled, then he frowned. His thoughts were back again with his superior officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Babchenko, and an incident that had occurred the day before—just a small incident, but typical of Babchenko's self-importance.

One of Babchenko's young officers, First-Lieutenant Yereoin, suddenly ordered away from Stalingrad, had come to say good-bye to the lieutenant-colonel. Saburov had been there, had seen the wistful eagerness in the young man's eyes, had guessed how he longed for some last kindly word, to wish him good luck and god-speed.

Instead, Babchenko had dismissed him curtly, and the memory of the youngster's stricken look rankled in Saburov's thoughts.

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By Konstantine Simonov

where the colonel had been wounded and taken to hospital.

Saburov also knew, but did not like, Lieutenant-Colonel Babchenko, his regimental commander. Babchenko was too importunate—ever-hurrying, officious. . .

It was Babchenko who first received the colonel's orders. His regiment was to take back from the Germans a section of the city where they had that day come closest of all to the Volga.

"The situation is tough," Pro-

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RISING anticipation in Peter Drew made the railway platform seem an endless clutter of people and luggage. He picked his way through carefully, using his good arm to carry his bag. The other arm wouldn't be any good for at least a year, but he was lucky to have it.

The ramp sloped up and gushed the current of travellers into the huge station. Pete scanned the faces behind the ropes, curiously apprehensive. Individuals detached themselves from the mass, and there was a confusion of kissing and greeting and laughter. He hesitated uncertainly.

"Pete! Oh, Pete!"

He dropped his bag, turning. Then he smiled. The tall girl with the startling red hair hurrying toward him was waving both hands eagerly. They slid round his neck.

"Darling! I've missed you, Pete. You look wonderful."

"Army rations, no doubt." He held her away to more fully appreciate what he was holding in his arms. Tiny pearls gleamed at the lobes of her well-shaped ears. The smart fur-trimmed suit was snug, a compliment to the graceful curves it caressed. Her air of owning the world but graciously allowing others



A taste for lemonade

to live in it was still there. Her lips still curved with promise. It was Cynthia, of course. He should have known she'd be the same—sleek and scintillating and warm. The war hadn't changed some things. Pete was very glad about that. His eyes rained the station, then returned to her. "It isn't really like coming back to you, Cynthia. We've shared too many foxholes together."

"Pete!" Her eyes laughed at him. "You beast."

He grinned back. His eyes were vagrant, however. They surveyed the eddying crowds again. Terry and the baby weren't there. Well, he was glad. Terry and Cynthia he might have been embarrassing.

It was over twelve months now since she'd written to suggest their separation should be permanent. After that her letters had been cool, impersonal recitals of Anne's exploits, occasionally a little proud. It would have been nice to see Anne, though. She was two now. But that could wait. He was hungry to-night—hungry for lights and food and dancing—for an evening like those he'd spent with Cynthia before he'd gone—for the glittering parties and the gay laughter which surrounded her.

He took her arm and guided her toward the taxi rank. "How is the show going?"

"Smash hit. One of the best I've ever been in. I have a ticket for you, unless you're too tired."

He chuckled. "I've been looking forward to to-night for too long to let myself sleep through it. I'll send my bag on to the hotel, we'll have dinner, and I'll pick you up after the show—unless you have other plans."

She pressed his arm. "You're my plane, Pete. Have been for quite a while. Or don't you remember? Dinner's out, though. I have a little whining-over to do on a critic."

"Let's have a cocktail first then. Anywhere you like."

A few minutes later Pete leaned back in his chair, smiling at her across the table. It had always amazed him, when they'd gone to places like this, to observe how wide

a circle of people swam within Cynthia's orbit. After 10 minutes of jack-in-the-box introductions to the people who came to their table, he resigned. "Go ahead," he laughingly ordered. "Talk to them all. Watching and letting my pores absorb this atmosphere is all I want to do at the moment."

She smiled apologetically between remarks to an actors' agent. "People will pop up."

Pete's eyes crinkled understandingly, and he sipped at his Martini. Its dry warmth tingled his palate. Terry hadn't liked Martinis. She'd only liked drinks that tasted like lemonade.

He glanced round the handsomely appointed cocktail lounge, vaguely unhappy. He shouldn't be. This sort of thing was what he wanted—what he'd always wanted. It was what he'd expected from his marriage—a modern flat, smart friends, and a keen sense of the excitement of living. It had been a shock to him to discover that Terry wanted a house. It seemed to be all tied up with dreams she'd had about what her marriage should be like—dreams he'd never known existed until after the ceremony. He'd humored her to the extent of a small place in the suburbs—far from everything he enjoyed doing.

It had been drab going for Pete for a while. Terry seemed only interested in making a home and living in it, and he had felt domesticity closing in on him like a stifling blanket. Then Anne came, further cluttering his life with necessary routines and harried sleepless nights. Pete looked gratefully across the table at the animated Cynthia. She had changed all that . . . changed it only a short while after she'd walked into his office with a case against a producer.

It hadn't been really necessary to discuss the case as often as they had—particularly at dinner and afterward. They'd waited until it was over and won to face the necessity of admitting that using it as an excuse had merely been a rationaliza-

sation to cover how they really felt about each other.

Terry wasn't a fool. The strain in her eyes had made Pete feel like a worm occasionally. He'd got past the rough spots by assuring himself that their marriage had been based on a misunderstanding. It was she, after he'd received his commission, who had first mentioned separation. His reaction to that had been quite unexpected. He'd wanted to separate, but hearing her talk about it as though there were nothing left to be done had unaccountably depressed him at the time.

Pete could feel Cynthia's atten-

sion, free at last, focusing on him. She'd been tactful at the station, when Terry had brought Anne down to see her daddy off to the war. She hadn't offered to kiss him good-bye, and her letters had shown that she understood how he felt about not hearing Terry unnecessarily. Pete smiled at her. "You know, you're really a very intelligent person."

Her eyebrows arched. "That remark, after I spent the best part of the day trying to make myself look beautiful, might easily be considered an insult. Drink your drink, Pete. I have to run."

He kissed her as he put her into a taxi. Her lips lingered. "Come backstage after the show. I've arranged a party at the Monte Carlo. We have a lot of catching up to do."

Pete watched her taxi slosh off down the gleaming rain-streaked

In a hesitant voice Terry said: "Pete—come in."

street. Then he shook his shoulders impatiently to get rid of that depressed feeling between them. He wished Cynthia hadn't had the dinner engagement. He needed someone with him now—someone to make him forget the longing that had crept into his chest and matured into an ache while he was away—a longing he'd made himself believe was only loneliness. It had started in the foxholes. Cynthia had been in them almost exclusively at first. But then, through the long nights when he'd hugged the earth listening to the sky and ground cracking open all about him, grey eyes would disturbingly replace the amber-grey, anxious eyes, sometimes a little harried and strained.

Pete looked at his watch. He did want to see Anne . . . see for himself how she'd grown . . . pictures were so unsatisfactory. He could go there and back to the theatre in time for a sandwich and the show if he hurried. He hailed a taxi.

His heart was pounding strangely as he paid the driver. The lights in the front windows of the little white house dripping in the rain gleamed through the darkness. He wondered how he'd have felt if it had been different . . . if he were coming home instead of visiting, and Terry waiting inside for him with eagerness in her eyes. He shrugged off that queer pain in his chest irritably, stroled up the path and pushed his finger against the bell.

He could hear the two gongs she'd

been so pleased with sound gently in the hallway. He took off his hat, shaking the water from it nervously as he waited.

There was a soft step. The latch turned, and the door opened. Pete swallowed. He wanted to say something, but his voice wouldn't function. He just stood there.

The grey eyes of the slender girl in the doorway were wide, gazing at him. She was wearing a starched white apron over a blue dress, but Pete could see that she had lost some weight. Her voice hesitated, as though she didn't quite know what to say. "Pete, I . . . Come in."

"Thanks." He put his cap on the rack. He was uneasy. "I can only stay a few minutes. Friends are giving me a welcoming party to-night. Thought I'd call in and see Anne. How is she?"

Her smile was uncertain. "Fine. Bright as can be."

"Can I see her?"

"Well, I've just put her to bed, but I—I guess she has a right to see her daddy."

She turned. Pete, following her, caught sight of the table in the dining-room. He felt a sudden surge of annoyance. The table was set cozily . . . for two people who liked each other. Somehow it had never occurred to him that Terry would start another life of her own with him gone. His voice was irritated. "I see you're expecting someone for dinner."

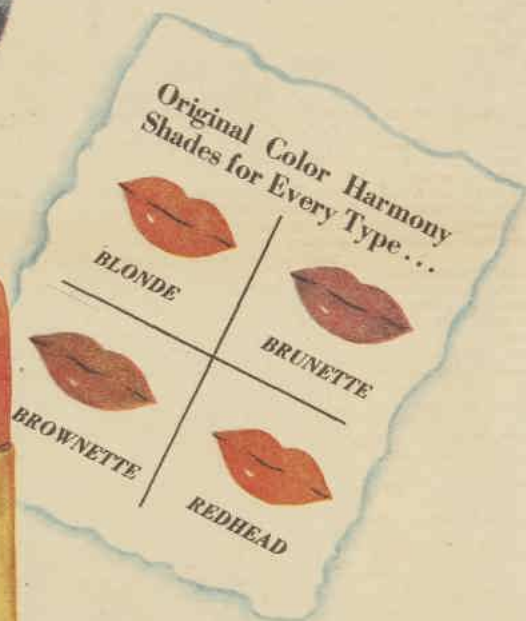
She nodded.

Please turn to page 31

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AT LEADING CHEMISTS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

MF 77

Size-Five and a half

By NORAH RYOTT

ERNEST pressed the lift button. He liked going up in the lift. The liftman was an ex-stoker in the Royal Navy who had been on Russian

convoys. He was most entertaining. His series of hair-raising exploits were in serial form, and Ernest listened to this morning's instalment intently until he reached the third floor.

He opened the office door. "Morning, Vincent," he called casually and sent his hat sailing over the desk on land neatly on a peg. "Good show. Direct hit."

"I say, aren't you a bit late?" Vincent said irritably, looking up from the morning paper spread out on his desk.

"It's only ten," Ernest perched on the edge of his desk. "I interviewed alone and unaided all those women yesterday, remember, while you took Penelope out to tea. The world is full of women." Ernest sighed and tossed Vincent a cigarette. "And I just saw the woman we want."

"I say!" Vincent brightened. "Where did you see her?"

"In a magazine," Ernest sighed again. "An old copy. Sorry, old boy. Have you been doing all the work?"

"I opened one letter," Vincent said, flipping open his lighter. A lighter Penelope had given him in a softer moment.

"Well?" Ernest bent over the flame.

"A woman who calls herself the Girl with the Golden Heart who would come from two to four if we wouldn't mind her bringing the baby!" Vincent inhaled deeply.

"What does she take us for—a solicitor's nursery school? How does she read this morning?" Ernest waved the paper over Vincent's shoulder.

"Oh, just the same," Vincent read: "Wanted, good-looking secretary with charming personality who can type, etc. They've given it first place this morning, though."

"Decent of them. We ought to have added soothing voice, after that ex-sergeant yesterday who kicked her heels and blew me into a coma with her 'Thankyoussir!'" Ernest shuddered at the memory.

"Byou think we're asking too much," Vincent frowned.

"Good heavens, no!" Ernest stroked his moustache, one of considerable assurance that he hardly ever pruned. "Women won the war. I don't think a bit of typing's too much to ask."

"And after three years looking at Japs I think we're entitled to a bit of glamor round the place," Vincent added righteously.

"Yes. It is a bit bare," Ernest looked at the uncarpeted floor and the stark office furniture.

"Give it a chance," Vincent said defensively. "We've only been disappointed a couple of months."

"What do we do now?" Ernest picked up the paper, which was full of grim details of disagreements and lack of housing, and the list of distinguished guests who had dined with the worshipful company of playing-card makers.

"Penelope said she knew a blonde who had been secretary to a vice-admiral and did I think she would do?"

"When can we get her—the blonde, I mean?" Ernest looked up from an indignant letter on the status of ex-officers.

"I don't know, she's out East at the moment," Vincent confessed lamely, and soothed Ernest down by telling him that at least they had a case. A man who was suing the United States Army for putting a radiator in his cottage and ruining a seventeenth-century beam.

The telephone rang. It was Penelope. Vincent breathed "darling," and Ernest pretended not to notice the conversation. Penelope

was deciding whether Vincent was still the same as he used to be in 1939 and whether they still really loved each other. Penelope had been deciding this for a month, and Vincent thought she was wonderful anyway, whatever she decided.

Ernest made noises in his throat and discovered that his horse had come in fourth, which meant that he would have to cut down on his beer at lunch-time.

Vincent replaced the receiver with a grin that would have done justice to a gargoyle and Ernest roared, "Where's that draught coming from?"—to cover up a lonely feeling in his heart. They both looked up at the door, which was open, and the girl who was standing there.

"Excuse me," she said softly, like a breeze from the Caribbean Sea. "May I look? I won't be a minute." She darted into the corner where an old chest stood and thrust her head inside.

Vincent and Ernest sat spellbound; they had thought at first that perhaps her "May I look?" might have referred to them. Apparently they were mistaken.

She had legs that would have made a Hollywood director swoon and given the Fourteenth Army an uplift for a year. Her hair was soft and fair and beautiful.

"Can we help?" Ernest recovered. "They're not there!" She turned aghast.

"Er—anything we could find?" Vincent said helpfully.

"My shoes!" she said tragically.

"You see, I was billeted here before I went to the Middle East and I

left a pair of shoes—civilian shoes I wore at a party before we went out—in that cupboard. I forgot about them. I thought they might still be there."

"I see," Ernest automatically looked down at her feet.

"These are my sister's shoes, size seven," the girl said sadly. "They're all I've got to wear if I can't find those others. I take size five and a half." She smiled.

Vincent and Ernest had been giving her the attention of a lend-lease arbitration committee. When she finished speaking Vincent shook himself free of the spell and rushed to the cupboard.

"There's nothing there," he said.

"Are you quite sure?" Ernest pulled a torch out of the desk drawer and shone it into the depths of the cupboard. But the cupboard was bare.

"We've never actually looked into that cupboard before," Vincent said. "I expect the shoes went before we took over."

"I don't suppose I'll ever get a job in these," the girl said, holding up one foot. "I've been trying to buy some shoes ever since I got demobbed. I can hardly walk in these and they look awful, don't they?"

"Oh no," Ernest said gallantly. "I mean, you'd easily get a job."

"Vincent has a surprise for you," Hermione heard Ernest say to Penelope.

"Can you type?" Vincent chimed in.

"And do shorthand?" Ernest was on the same tack. "We'd speak awfully slowly—nothing to get worried about—and answering the telephone, that would really be about all—and if you ever wanted an afternoon off or anything . . . I mean . . ." He trailed off, watching the girl open her eyes wide and a smile play about her mouth.

He put a hand over his face. It was too much to ask a man to stand. He'd met a prisoner of war last week and asked him, "How are you doing, chum?" and the man had said, "I'm doing all right, only fallen in love twice this week." He felt weak like that man.

Vincent would be all right. Vincent had Penelope to cling to; Vincent by now had probably got over drowning whenever he saw a pair of big, sympathetic eyes open wide. Penelope's eyes were blue and very wide open. Penelope stood no nonsense.

Please turn to page 33

Page 9



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The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 4

MR. DANIELS set a cup of cocoa before his step-daughter, and told her to drink it down.

Louise did, and then sat looking at him. "Aren't you going to start yelling at me, Georgie?"

"Why should I?"

Louise's eyes narrowed. "Saving it to tell Leo, I suppose?"

Mr. Daniels shook his head. "Let's just forget it, shall we? You've had a tough enough time."

Louise suddenly seemed defenceless.

"Georgie," she said, and it was an appeal, "I wouldn't make such a fool of myself if I had something to do."

Mr. Daniels pulled out his pipe.

"What do you want to do, Louise?"

She said softly, "I'd like to try to learn to be an actress."

Mr. Daniels' pipe began to puff. Louise's face and figure might not be her fortune, but they'd certainly help. Moreover, she sounded very serious, as if it were something she'd thought about for a long time.

"I know a man who runs a summer theatre. He might take you on as an apprentice. But you'd have to work very hard," he said.

Louise said surprisingly, "I don't mind work, and I might be a failure, but I'd like to try."

They were all right—really all right, these children of his. If you could only get through the hard, tough core they'd built round themselves, Mr. Daniels thought.

"All right, Louise. Now get off those wet clothes and take a hot bath and go to bed. Hustle up!"

Louise rose wearily. "You know, Georgie, in the end we'll always do just what you want us to—all of us."

"Will you?" said Mr. Daniels, highly surprised. "Why?"

"Because you're very patient and keep calm and never yell."

She stopped by the door. "I suppose I ought to tell you that Carlotta's heading for trouble."

"How?"

"She's never had any boy friends, Georgie, and now she's fallen hard for Johnny Miles, whose family have just moved in down the road. He's very correct and proper and we're not. So she's going to get hurt." She kicked off her sodden slippers. "Carlotta's quite sensitive."

Mr. Daniels was still rolling that round in his mind next morning when he arrived on the terrace in time to see Carlotta waving good-bye to a sandy-haired young man.

He was wondering if it were the correct Mr. Miles when Carlotta, breeched and booted, charged up the steps.

"Georgie," she cried, "Johnny says our place looks like a pigpen! Does it?"

Mr. Daniels perceived that a crucial moment had arrived. "Pretty much."

Carlotta flung herself desperately down in a deck-chair. "Oh, dear, I do like Johnny, and he'll never stand for us. Why, Georgie, his family dress for dinner every single night, even if they're all alone."

Mr. Daniels said he'd heard of its being done.

Carlotta turned to him. "Georgie what shall I do? Uncle Sam's not here because his church's holding a revival, and Aunt Cassie'll quit if we ask her to clean up."

Mr. Daniels calmly took off his coat. "Well, we two seem to be reasonably able-bodied. Shall we unpig the place?"

Carlotta gave him a joyous grin. "Let's. Where'll we start?"

Mr. Daniels grimly led the way down the hall. "The worst spot of all."

Carlotta quailed. "Not the Chamber of Horrors?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Daniels, dryly. He opened the door and things began falling out.

An hour later Louise came upon them.

"Whatever are you up to?" she shrieked.

Mr. Daniels held the decoy duck in one hand and a pair of mould-greened field boots in the other. "We are cleaning the Augean stables so Carlotta can have a boy friend. Want to help?"

Louise started rolling up her sleeves. "I don't, but I will. Only, hold on a sec. I am the bearer of ill tidings."

Carlotta raised herself from hands and knees. "What new woe now, fair sister?"

"Aunt Cassie's sister's having a baby, so Aunt Cassie's away for days and days. Whatever are we going to do?"

Mr. Daniels stroked the decoy duck. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I can cook."

Louise flung her arms about him. "Why, Georgie, you're wonderful!"

Deep peace dwelt in the big house that Saturday night. Mr. Daniels, in his best dinner jacket, surveyed the scene. The major's mahogany gleamed, the glass glistened, the brasses shone. The living-room was clean, and neat, and full of flowers.

Roses lay in a bowl on the dinner table; tall candles were lit. It was unlikely that even so correct a young man as Johnny Miles could find any fault when he shortly came to dine.

Alcibiades, actually clean, sat at Mr. Daniels' side and lovingly licked his hand.

Carlotta was dark and lovely in a dress of deep yellow. Louise was



"Then turn to the left and the second house is my place."

blonde and delightful in foamy green. Even David, scrubbed to a high polish, had been forced into a dark blue suit.

Mr. Daniels surveyed all his handiwork and found it good.

"Georgie," Carlotta said softly, "I can't believe it's really us."

There was a tremendous racket outside. A taxi stopped; a rich voice could be heard commanding something.

The door crashed open and there was Leonora, tawny, copper-haired, more breathtakingly beautiful than ever.

She stood there for a second, taking them all in, apparently taking everything in.

She flung open her arms in a sweeping gesture. "Isn't it nice!" she cried ecstatically. "Nothing's changed at all!"

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The Australian Women's Weekly—May 4, 1946



• Frilled hip pockets add glamor to this tailored broadcloth coat with squared shoulders. The hand-crocheted lacy white wool snood is tucked in at neck like a scarf.

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My Fur Coat

By JAY DEE

FOR years, in its time-honored position draping the old gas bracket in the hallway, it had been proudly known as "Jay's fur coat."

Despite small visitors clawing at it, the puppy, the next-door dog, and the cat snapping at it, and the moths and silverfish openly feasting on it, like the brook it went on forever, come winter, go summer.

All this, mark you, and never a wisp of reverence and no loss of esteem. Whenever furs were mentioned the coat was mentioned, and puppy, pussy, dogs, moths, and silverfish notwithstanding, it emerged with all the verbal glory of a thousand pound chincheilla.

The family were as respectful as I. It was, in fact, the only fur that they were related to. When I broke the news this winter that I thought of parting with it, they were just as dutifully horrified as I had hoped.

I pointed out that I never wore it, then listened to their arguments with all the joy of a proud parent. Eventually they saw my point of view and gave their permission, along with a whole heap of advice. "Don't let them put anything over on you, Jay. It's a simply glorious skin."

Rare furs are terribly scarce, Jay. Hang out for a decent price. It's power, darling."

None of them, being related to the coat, pointed out what I had paid for it, how long I had had it, or before what war I had bought it.

Swept along in the wave of their extravagant enthusiasm, I went into a huddle with myself, then timidly



emerged to inquire if ten pounds sounded too steep!

"Ten? You're mad! Fifteen at the very least!"

Armed, next morning, with addresses of people who buy left-off clothes and "it" in a large suitcase, I started down the street, followed by family injunction of "Stick out for something substantial, Jay."

Strangely enough all I carried in my memory was a rather pathetic vision of a naked gas bracket.

Cheered by the thought of busting up twenty-odd pounds, perhaps a trifle more, on new winter togs, I marked off the first address and sought my quarry.

As I approached the door hung with three balls and a conglomeration of dusty coats and bedraggled dresses, my heart sank.

MY FUR COAT is regarded unsympathetically by the stern-eyed gentleman in the second-hand shop. Perhaps he doesn't like the moths.

But, with head high, I stormed the dingy interior.

My voice was high, too; in fact, it squeaked. It said, "Please-will-you-I - mean - that - is - could-you-do-you," then gulped away to silence.

The buyer was an understanding person and seemed to gather what I meant. "What is it?" he asked, opening the case, then—"Oh"

There was a long and significant pause, and during that pause I shrank to ant-size.

"Please, will you—I mean, that is, could you, do you—"

"Yes," said the man, "a quid for the bag."

"The bag—I want to sell the coat."

"The coat?"

He took it out, shook it out, then shook his head. "Oh, lady," he reproved.

I followed his silent eye as it wandered from shoulder to sleeve, from pocket to hem. I saw with him where erosion had set in; I perceived where puppy had come off worst, where the dog-next-door had come off best.

I saw written clearly the price, the year—I saw WHAT war.

Bundling it hurriedly back, I ran to the door, followed by a kindly, if disparaging, "Ten bob, girly."

Pride rankled

AS I walked I began to rankle, and recalling the family pride I took out the addresses again.

This time I was quite brave until I had actually crossed the discouraging threshold, then once more I felt the squeak rising, and with a "Please - will - you - I - mean - could - you - do - you -" opened the case and pointed mutely to the contents.

The man, not so kindly, raised the coat an inch and said, "Seven and six." I put it back the inch and went out.

I should have now become acclimatised, as it were, but white-faced and nervous I approached the third enemy. I got as far as "please-will-you" and pointed to what I had deposited on his counter.

The buyer snapped the catches, peered in, touched gingerly, and said, "Five bob, and take it while I'm feeling generous."

I drooped outside once more, decided to carry the coat jauntily across my arm to lend me Dutch courage, looked up the next address, voted it time for a reviving cuppa instead, then sought my pet cafe.

The attendant at the cloakroom shook her head at what I proffered

was a feeling of sudden and intense urgency.

With this prompting me, I hurried along to my first prey and fairly hurled myself upon him.

"Ten shillings, you said?"

"I'll be the fool," said the buyer resignedly, accepting the coat with a shrug.

"Sign the book," he ordered, and along the dotted line I signed away the only fur coat our family had ever had as a relation.

The note was dirty and crumpled and felt very light compared to five pounds four ounces of fur, moths, and silverfish and frayed lining.

As I neared home I knew I just could not face telling the truth, so putting on a blasé air I strode in and drawled that I had not bothered to bargain, but had accepted an offer of ten.

Whether they believed me or not, I do not know. But they all asked for a loan. I am now nine pounds ten shillings down.

But down, too, is the old gas bracket. You see, none of us could bear to see it looking so lonely and naked.

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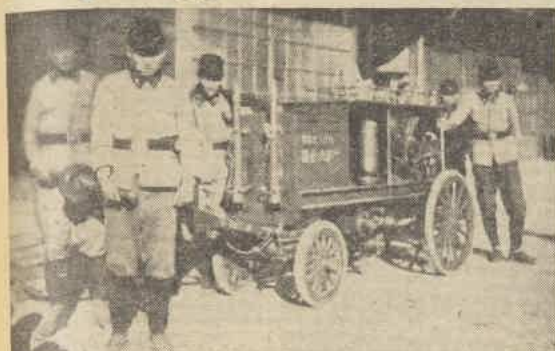


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Japs grow family food in atom city ruins



FIRE BRIGADE in Hiroshima. It survived the atom bombing of the city.

A wooden shack is luxury to inhabitants of Hiroshima

By DOROTHY DRAIN

Our special correspondent in Japan

Takeshita was digging a small plot for vegetables amid the rubble of Hiroshima when we alighted from a jeep one afternoon in what was once a suburban street of the atom city.

With us were three R.A.F. boys, an Irishman in the R.A.F., and three Australian soldiers.

"GOOD afternoon," said Takeshita. And we discovered that he both spoke and understood English considerably better than many young American-born Japs who are employed as interpreters.

Leaning on a hoe, Takeshita told his story, while the inevitable flock of kids and an old pal from next door collected round us.

Takeshita is 63. For fifteen years he was employed as a houseman in America, but 30 years ago he returned to his own country.

He was a simple old man with a stubble of beard and dust-colored clothes.

He had neither the bowing, smiling manners nor the side glances that most Jap men produce according to how they feel.

He was not a city slicker and he was not dumb either.

Was shopkeeper

THE Irish boy did most of the questioning.

His tongue was so thick I could hardly follow him myself, but Takeshita could.

When the atom bomb descended, Takeshita was at his home near his little shop "two miles from here."

"I was blown in air two time. Burned. I am all right now."

What did he sell in his shop?

"Everything for house. Brooms. All kinds of things for house."

Was he getting a new shop?

"Later perhaps. First he had built a new house for himself, wife, and children."

"Now, beat grow food to eat," he said.

He has three children. One daughter works in a bank in Hiroshima. Another girl goes to middle school. His son was in China.

"He write no letters for year, not know where he is."

Rice was very short, Takeshita said.

In my pocket I had an envelope with some lumps of sugar in it, and I gave those to him.

He thanked me formally. His wife and children would be grateful, he said. They had not tasted sweets since last December.

In America, said Takeshita, he worked at one time for the manager of the "Oakland Tribune" in California.

By this time another old man arrived to hear what was going on.

They asked me about the paper I wrote for and said they would like to see a copy.



STREET TRADING. Inhabitants of Hiroshima buy and sell food in rubble-littered streets where their shops formerly stood.

He also could speak a little English.

He said that he was three years in the war and was in the Cocos Islands when the Emden was sunk.

We assumed from this and his age that he meant World War I, when the Japanese were our allies, but his English was not equal to full explanation.

His name was Kayasake, and his house, he said, was not finished. Otherwise he would have liked to invite us to it.

They asked me about the paper I wrote for and said they would like to see a copy.

Afterwards I asked the soldiers who were listening in what they thought.

I explained I couldn't help feeling sorry for Takeshita, because he was an old man starting again.

When people are getting old they are nearly always sad.

An Australian sergeant nodded. "I know," he said. "We feel crook when we see kids at the hospital still suffering from atom bombing."

"We reckon kids and old people didn't want the war any more than our people at home."

"Then we think of our mates we



HIROSHIMA—a general view of the devastation in the atom-bomb city.



JAPANESE CEMETERY which survived the bombing is an eerie sight among the wreckage of Hiroshima.

left behind in the islands. I don't know."

We climbed back in our jeeps and went on our way.

There had been a lot of discussion earlier about a curious mark on the steps of the Sumitomo Bank in Hiroshima.

On this place, people say, a man was sitting when the bomb fell.

A mark roughly the shape of a seat and legs shows on the ordinary worn surface of the granite steps.

In other parts of the steps in front of the bank the granite shows effect of blast.

It is also said that certain lights reveal the shadow of a man on a nearby wall.

Well, there is a mark on the steps, but we saw no shadow.

I asked the Air Force boys what they thought.

Business among ruins

THEY said the theory of a man's body having shielded this part of the steps was feasible. They all said this.

But I remained sceptical, for who could tell whether any man was sitting on those steps on the sunny day when the bomb fell, except the bloke himself, who was blown to kingdom come.

We went up on the roof of another bank next door.

There was business as usual on the blackened, blasted ground floor, with men and women clerks crowded at desks working, gossiping, and staring at visitors.

The interior would once have been like any of our big banks, but now is distinctly a mess.

On the tables were vases of spring flowers and daffodils.

"Investigation?" asked a Japanese man.

We said, "No," we wanted to see the view instead.

So up we climbed, five flights up, round the remains of the liftwell.

From the roof we could see wooden shacks going up all round on cleared blocks of the city.

The correspondent who wrote a piece about one green shoot of wheat in Hiroshima was premature.

He should look more closely. Among the wreckage and dead trees and new pine shacks are patches everywhere of growing food.

From a bank clerk we learned the bank loans 5000 yen to families to build new homes, about £100 on our rate of exchange.

That sounds dear for pine shacks, but in the shops a kimono costs 1000 yen, sugar brings a black-market price of 12/- to 15/- a pound.

Atom city souvenirs

THE shacks would be substandard in Australia, but plenty are going up.

They are a roof over the head. Smart Japs capitalise on the tourist value of the atom city and sell souvenirs.

I didn't buy one, but I got two sake cups which one of the airmen picked up from the rubble.

The china was partly melted, but one was very pretty inside when I washed off the dirt.

We drove back to Kure along a road beside a lovely seascape at sunset.

"You don't want to get soft about the Japs," someone said later, when I told him about Takeshita.

"If the Japs had occupied Australia you wouldn't have had a chance to build your house again."

Editorial

MAY 4, 1946.

FREE CHOICE OF JOBS

LAST manpower control—that on the employment of women between the ages of 18 and 45—was lifted this week.

The services of women were never in greater demand than now, and employers are offering every possible amenity to attract girls to their idle factory benches.

Undoubtedly, this keen demand has made women workers more ambitious.

For some years girls leaving school have been able to ask themselves, "What job shall I take?" rather than, "What job can I get?"

Girls who might in the past have gravitated to the factory nearest their homes have been able to obtain employment with greater chances of advancement.

The improved working conditions which have resulted from this situation will stay to be to the lasting good of women workers.

Unfortunately, these improvements have not gone far enough in the fields of work of greatest importance to the community—nursing and teaching.

Both these professions are underpaid in comparison with today's earnings in many other jobs requiring less training. The same disadvantage applies to posts requiring girls with science degrees.

There is deep satisfaction in the work of these vocations. But girls of talent will turn regretfully to more lucrative callings if the financial returns remain inadequate.

Their earnings must at least equal those paid to workers in less important callings.

To command Empire troops in Japan

Veterans praise former leader

By MARY COLES

Thirty-four years of soldiering have bleached grey Lieut.-General H. C. H. Robertson's once red, curly hair; but his troops still call him affectionately "Red Robbie."

Newly appointed Commander of Empire Forces in Japan, General Robertson is also described by his men as "One of the finest soldiers and just the man for the job."

"KEEP a smile" is his philosophy.

"Nature has given the capacity to smile," he said with a boyish grin, "and so I do, because the troops like it. No one has any time for a funeral face."

What the troops like is the unofficial guiding principle of his career.

For instance, at present he is a non-smoker and on the water-wagon. He broke himself of these habits when drinks and cigarettes were scarce, on his return to Australia from the Middle East.

He decided that if the boys didn't have a beer or a smoke half the time, neither would he.

During the war troops under his command liked his unbreakable rule that officers could not drink in their mess before the men's canteen was opened.

They also liked the gleam in his blue eyes when the going was tough.

They knew "Red Robbie" was always in his element when he was fighting with his back to the wall, because of his belief that it's only in real adversity that a man can show what he's made of.

But most of all they like his sense of humor.

It's dry, but infectious.

Talking about his big-game fishing in New Guinea, he nonchalantly mentioned that a picture had been taken of a 12ft. marlin "just before it got off my line."

When I wanted to see the picture he blandly apologized that the negative had turned out a blank.

And again, replying to a query about whether he hoped to do much riding in Japan, he laconically remarked: "Yes; it will probably be very cold there, and horses are such nice warm animals."

He should know.

During the last war he served with the 10th Light Horse, and at 22 years old led a charge of Australian Light Horse men which captured 800 prisoners, including a Turkish general.

Although a number of enemy



"RED ROBBIE." Lieut.-General H. C. H. Robertson and his wife reading just-arrived congratulatory messages following his appointment as Commander of the Empire Occupation Forces in Japan.

generals have surrendered to him since that occasion, it held the special thrill that it avenged the score of a year before, when "Red Robbie" spent his 21st birthday in a tent on the beach at Gallipoli with Captain Tom Kidd and Captain Jim Bentley.

They were the only officers of his regiment still on the field after the battle. A tiny faded snap of the three of them sitting beside their tent that day is in a gold filigree frame and has pride of place on the centre of the mantelpiece in the charming sitting-room of their Hawthorn (Melbourne) flat.

On the wall is another picture. One of General Robertson's wife, dark-haired and dainty, taken in her Court presentation gown.

She was formerly Miss Jessie Bonnar, of Rochester, Victoria.

They were married in 1917.

Keen gardener

GARDENING is as dear to Mrs. Robertson's heart as soldiering is to her husband's.

They both look forward to the day when they will be able to settle in a real home of their own with a "proper garden. At present Mrs. Robertson looks after a small piece of land in the garden surrounding their flats.

She did not have much land to tend, either, round her last home, which was at Darwin, when her husband commanded the Northern Territory area before the war. It was too rocky for real gardening.

If she later makes her home in

Japan with the General, it is a safe bet that vegetable and flower seeds and alps will have high priority in her luggage.

My first impressions of "Red Robbie" were confirmed after I talked to men who had served with him in both wars.

"I'm very glad he's going. I've got a son serving with the Occupation Forces," said one veteran.

"If he looks after the Occupation Forces as well as he looked after us in the Middle East they'll be all right," said a former Sixth Division (19th Brigade) officer.

In fact, during the first Libyan campaign before any big show we often lived on his paybook.

"If 'Red Robbie' found any of his officers sitting in the mess at night, with Alexandria only a few miles away, he usually said: 'What, not going out to-night?' and when further inquiry brought the answer, 'No, sir—broke, sir,' he would send two or three of us off on leave with a tenner from his own paybook."

He also had the habit of strolling round among his men in the very early hours of the morning. He would have quiet words here and there with troops who, half the time, never realised to whom they were speaking in the dark.

He did this to find out whether they had any complaints about food or quartermastering.

General Robertson comes from a soldiering line. His great-grandfather was an officer at Waterloo.

His father, Mr. John Robertson, of Warrnambool, Victoria, was a Militia officer.

Interesting People



DR. GRAHAM ANDREW

... back from Germany.
FIRST of Australian UNRRA personnel to return is South Australian Dr. Graham Andrew. He was stationed at hospital 26 miles from Munich, where he and staff, which included displaced Hungarian doctors and nurses, looked after 5000 starving Jewish survivors from Dachau and other concentration camps. Was attached to General Patton's 3rd American Army in American Zone. Says without UNRRA loss of life would have totalled millions. Before UNRRA was with R.A.A.F. as medical officer. Says Americans establishing at Dachau a shrine to the 238,000 people killed there.



MISS JOAN POTTENGER

... real estate career.
CHOOSING real estate as her career, 21-year-old Joan Pottenger, of Ivanhoe, Victoria, has just carried off the H. M. Hawkins Memorial Prize for the student gaining first place in examination for Associate Diploma of Associated Real Estate Institutes of Australia. Is first woman to top the examination list for whole of Australia. Has been working in a Melbourne real estate office for past four years. Plans to specialise in valuation work.



MAJOR R. WHEELER

... transport for brides.
DIFFICULT times for Major R. Wheeler. As chief immigration and transport officer at Australia House, London, he is being besieged by hundreds of British wives of Australian servicemen agitating to be sent to Australia to join their husbands. Depositions demanding passages wait on him almost daily. Is also dealing with unprecedented rush of applications from intending migrants to Australia. Paid flying visit to Canberra few months ago to confer with Government on migration and shipping problems.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

Lost children of Europe are being sorted out

For some there are no clues of nationality

By MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London office

The great hunt for the lost legion of Europe's children is on.

Miss Eileen Davidson, from Perth, Western Australia, as head of one UNRRA team covering the whole of the American Zone in Germany, is doing wonderful work.

THE team is helped by many of the "found" children and by displaced persons of every nationality on the Continent.

Harassed fathers in this team help in the search for their own children, wrenched from their arms and scattered over Germany, into German homes, farms, and concentration camps.

Already this great army of mercy has returned 6000 children to their homes and own countries, brought them back to health after their ghastly ordeal.

Many thousands are still missing, and as days go by the work of the teams becomes more and more difficult.

Children who are old enough to remember their nationality, their name, their language, and even their age have gone home.

Some have no parents now, but at least they are living once more among their own countrymen.

But what about those who were too young and can't remember? What is being done about them?

The team's search for "clues" in an effort to find these babies rivals that of Allied police still looking for Hitler, Bormann, and others. The team would be a credit to Scotland Yard.

As they comb through the towns and villages every child is "suspect" every parent questioned.

But even then the UNRRA workers cannot rest, for they know that the children have been forced, often by brutality, to forget everything, to speak only German, and in the case of the older children to lie about their past.

Mannerisms, coloring, faces, and pronunciation often tell that a child

is not a German, but the searchers have to obtain proof and find out the child's real nationality. They closely watch the children eating and playing, and bombard them with endless questions, such as, "How did your mother call your father in to dinner?" or "How did she tell him what was for dinner?"

Their patience is often rewarded. Take the case of one six-year-old boy. No one knew who he was, where he had come from.

He did not look German, even though he spoke the language perfectly. Then one day he got into a temper. Stamping the floor, he screamed, "Nein, nein, nista."

His rage had revealed something long forgotten. The first two words he cried were in German—the third in Yugoslav.

UNRRA had found yet another "lost" baby and established his nationality.

This little boy was taken to the beautiful and peaceful Bavarian mountains and put into one of the UNRRA Rehabilitation Centres there—an old monastery nestled amid the trees, the Kloster Indersdorf.

There sunshine, fresh air, milk, and proper medical treatment, as well as kindness and understanding from the nuns and UNRRA workers—one of whom is Miss Edna Davis, from Melbourne—made him become once more a normal boy.



LOST CHILDREN of Europe—older girls look after the babies in a UNRRA Rehabilitation Centre.

Attendance at kindergartens, schools, and clinics, and conversation again in his native language, will soon make him forget his past and prepare him for the future.

Meanwhile, all his particulars had been sent to the Yugoslav Government and to the Central Tracing Bureau for Displaced Persons in Berlin, where perhaps there is a letter from his mother saying: "Where is my baby boy? Please can you find him," and her hope and trust in UNRRA will be rewarded.

Special treatment

MISS JESS ALAND, a Queenslander working with UNRRA in Germany, writes to a friend at home:

"Children among displaced persons are called 'unaccompanied children.' They cannot be called 'orphans' because no one is sure whether their parents are alive in some part of Europe, separated from their children through the war.

"I found one little boy myself in a German hospital, where he had been for nine months being treated for club feet. He has had several operations and can now walk slowly in special boots.

"At my suggestion he has been adopted by a very fine American in UNRRA and he will go to a wealthy home in the States if his new father can negotiate the red tape of adoption regulations."



LEARNING TO BE HAPPY AGAIN in the toddlers' kindergarten. One little girl still has both her arms in splints and her face covered in scars.



PHOTOGRAPHER'S VISIT caused no embarrassment to these children at Kloster Indersdorf. They have been visited by so many generals and important officials they are accustomed to strange faces.

General's cook thinks English cooking is "noble"

Radioed from Kure by our special correspondent

Cook to Lieut.-General J. Northcott, C-in-C. of BCOF, is Takeshima Metsugi, a 42-year-old Japanese who, until the war ended, cooked for Japanese Admiral Konazawa.

General Northcott now occupies the former Admiral's house, a white-painted villa on a hill overlooking Kure Harbor.

METSUGI is a grave, courteous Japanese, more Spanish than Jap in appearance. He has been cooking for 25 years, joining the staff of the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo when he was 17.

After Japan's defeat he became cook to Major-Generals Siebert and Clarkson, of the U.S. Army, and now presides over General Northcott's favorite roast dinners.

I interviewed Metsugi at the General's house, where he was making scones for afternoon tea.

A Jap boy was interpreter, and Pte. Leo Donoghue, who supervised

in the kitchen, was chief prompter.

Leo was formerly cook to the G.O.C., Darwin—Major-General J. J. Murray.

I asked Metsugi which school of cookery he favored.

He said, "English, because it is noble." It was explained thus: "Americans like big, thick sandwiches, club-style. English like little ones, which are high-class—more suitable to noblemen."

When Metsugi was cook to Admiral Konazawa he mostly served Japanese food unless there were official visitors, such as members of the German Navy, when European dishes appeared. General Siebert liked ham.

"Metsugi does wonderful baked ham," said Leo.

General Clarkson was particular about his baked potatoes.

General Northcott, as you can see from the menus written by Metsugi, prefers Australian-style cooking, though Metsugi favors French spelling for dishes.

Once Metsugi owned a hotel in Kure, but it is not functioning now.

He lives in a little house with his wife and five children, and helps with their washing in his spare time.

"I like cooking because it knows no national boundaries," he said through the interpreter.

Recently two Chinese Generals visited General Northcott.

Etiquette is to serve the food of the host's country, not the visitors'. Metsugi has "Good Housekeeping Cook Book," which is American, but he is familiar with Escoffier, Boulet, and Brillat Savarin.

He has a light hand with a sponge cake, and the scones he made for afternoon tea (which I had with Capt. J. H. Singh, an Indian officer, who is one of three aides to General Northcott) were excellent.

Meals at the General's house are from Army rations supplemented with canteen supplies bought through officers' field allowances.



OLD MONASTERY OF KLOSTER INDERSDORF, in the Bavarian mountains, which is one of the chief rehabilitation centres for the "lost" children of Europe.

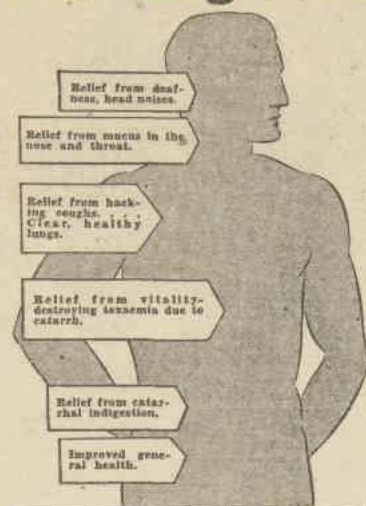
LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH. LANTIGEN "B" FOR ANTRUM INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS

Life-long Sufferers Praise Immunisation Treatment!

Acclaimed Beneficial and Safe Treatment for

CATARRH

BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, ANTRUM & SINUS INFECTIONS, CATARRHAL COLDS



IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY
MICRO-ORGANISMS DISSOLVED

In the case of chronic diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, the poisons in the system use up or destroy most of the hydrotropins or dissolving substances in the body. Unless these dissolving substances are present in sufficient quantity the organisms in an ordinary vaccine cannot be brought into solution. Therefore the ordinary vaccine, whether taken by mouth or by injection, is rendered either partially or totally ineffective. The reason is that the antigenic fluid is not released from the bodies of the organisms—thus there results a failure to produce the necessary anti-bodies to destroy the germ poisons or to kill the germs. Lantigen is an oral vaccine in a dissolved state and begins to operate and produce anti-bodies immediately it is taken. It therefore gives increased natural antibody resistance to disease. You would not develop catarrhal conditions if this "antibody" resistance was strong enough to overcome them. Lantigen removes the cause of lowered resistance which spurs your vitality and that is why it succeeds.

THESE PICTURES SHOW HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

This simple explanation of the way in which Lantigen works will show you clearly how effective a treatment it is. Lantigen is a scientific treatment for many germ-borne disorders.



1. These are the villi—small suckling protuberances in the upper intestine—which have absorptive surface equal to a room 12 x 12 x 12 feet and which absorb Lantigen from the gastric fluids and carry it into the system.



2. This diagram shows one of the many dangerous germs that cause disease.



3. These are illustrations of a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen engulfing and destroying infective germs for the purpose of their elimination from the system.

More than 150,000 people in Australia have been given relief by Lantigen "B" from the sneezing, coughing, choking and head noises, from the deafness, hawking, stuffed-up feeling which is Catarrh as we know it. If you are a sufferer you should know that, drop after drop after drop, catarrhal poisons infect your entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping your vitality. You can combat these poisons safely and effectively with Lantigen "B"—no injections—no operations—no pain—no danger—but a treatment

that counteracts the effect of the germs causing these diseases. This positive relief is something that no sufferer can afford to miss. Think what it will mean to gain relief from choking, coughing, sniffing and gasping for breath. And in most cases relief can be obtained from the annoyance and humiliation of nose stoppages, mucus and phlegm, head noises, catarrhal deafness, bronchial asthma, bronchitis, antrum, sinus, and other respiratory tract infections.

Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART
Does not interfere with other treatments

CATARRH

Catarrh is caused by germs. Usually the first infection is due to the neglect of a simple cold. This becomes stubborn and protracted. The excretions which are discolored by blowing the nose often fall back into the throat, infect the tonsils and result in acute laryngitis and inflammation. Lantigen "B", dissolved oral vaccine, offers an effective treatment for sufferers from catarrh. The distressing effects of the complaint are greatly reduced and replaced by a feeling of well-being. Lantigen "B" works well. It is a dissolved oral vaccine.

WHAT IS LANTIGEN?

Lantigen is not a patent medicine and is devoid of drugs altogether. Lantigen is a dissolved oral vaccine prepared to counteract the effect of the particular organisms which are peculiar to the diseases requiring treatment. Lantigen contains no live germs. The organisms from which it is produced are destroyed by dissolving them, thus releasing the antigens therein—the natural antidote.

READ THESE PERSONAL, WRITTEN TESTIMONIES BY LANTIGEN USERS

CANADIAN RELIEVED FROM BRONCHITIS

"I am writing to let you know what Lantigen 'B' has done for me. First, I am able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night."

£1/1-

night. It has been a God-send to me to learn of Lantigen 'B' and what it has done for me—it is worth its weight in gold—mine being very stubborn, severe attacks of Bronchial Asthma. I have just completed using one bottle." (Signed) Mrs. May Braithwaite, 366a Balliol Street, Toronto, Ont.

per bottle. The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day.

29 YEARS WITH BRONCHIAL CATARRH, NOW WELL

Miss B. Lane, of 12 Kable Street, Windsor, N.S.W., writes: "My mother has had Bronchial Catarrh for about 29 years, causing a continual sneezing, tickling cough which in turn caused her eyes to run with tears and at times nearly choked her. She couldn't lie on her back or on her right side without being nearly choked with coughing and she didn't go where there was any cigarette smoke. Five weeks ago she decided to try Lantigen 'B' and she hasn't coughed since, and this is no little statement."

MARVELLOUS TREATMENT FOR CATARRH
Mr. E. McKee, of Glenlee Station, N.Z., writes: "I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR LANTIGEN "B" TO-DAY

AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN

Writing in the "British Medical Journal," Dr. Cronin Lowe says: "In my experience the oral antigens (or vaccines) have been mostly employed for cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

★ Do a good deed—cut out advertisement and send to a fellow sufferer.

TAKEN BY MOUTH ACTS IMMEDIATELY

BABY FREED FROM BRONCHITIS

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but snuffle, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing and bringing up the mucus. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock, but all day

long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy, no wheezes, no cough, only good rest every night. I only hope that the mothers and fathers who have young or grown-up children who suffer from bronchitis get to know just how really good your Lantigen 'B' is."—Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Qld.

SINUS INFECTION CLEARED

Mr. J. A. Greig, of Eden, writes: "When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939, the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum. This is marvellous and can no doubt be put down to the good work Lantigen has done."

Produced by fully qualified Bacteriologists working under the supervision of an eminent physician.

TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES
Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, SYDNEY.

LANTIGEN "B"

LANTIGEN "B" FOR BRONCHITIS. LANTIGEN "B" FOR SINUS INFECTION. LANTIGEN "B" FOR CATARRH

Racing to send apple cargoes off to England



EX-R.A.A.F. SERGEANT BILL HANNAFORD carries a case of Cleopatras ready for wrapping and despatch to England.

Families are working long hours to pick and pack fruit

By FRED A YOUNG

Among the apple orchardists all over Australia who are working round the clock to send off bumper cargoes to England are men and women for whom the rich harvest has a sentimental significance.

They are descendants of the early English settlers who planted the first apple trees in South Australia on the slopes of the Adelaide Hills winding down into valleys, ideal apple country.

ALL growers are sharing the satisfaction of getting off 375,000 cases of apples this month to fruit-hungry England.

They are working at terrific pressure to get the fruit picked before it is weather-spilt, and for the majority of them and their families this has meant a seven day and night working week for a long time.

During recent weeks the growers received a bitter disappointment when they were told that owing to shipping shortages the original order of a million and a quarter cases could not be sent.

The situation improved when, thanks to Argentine fruit boats becoming available, it was found that a quarter of the order could be sent.

Extra apples are going off to England in dried and "solid pack" (a species of jellied canning), for which a huge consignment is being processed.

About 100,000 cases are also outward bound from South Australia by Swedish freighters for Sweden.

Still more will be sent off to troops in Japan and the Islands and even local markets are benefiting.

In the lovely Adelaide Hills, where flourish some of the most beautiful orchards in Australia, I found the Elliott Hannaford family, of Mount Bera, Cudlee Creek, busy picking export apples.

Included in their quota are apples from trees planted by their forebears more than 100 years ago.

Back in 1840 Susannah Hannaford, a courageous widow with several sons and a daughter, came from Totnes in Devon and built a home, Mount Bera.

She planted Cleopatras and Stone-Pippins, many of which, proud monarchs of the orchard, are still in full bearing, and it is from these that her great-grandson, Elliott Hannaford, has, for sweet sentiments sake, sent specimens "Home."

There is a truly English air about most fruit gardens in the Adelaide Hills. They are encircled by hedges and leafy lanes, often overhung with English trees.

No wonder orchardists have thrilled to the sound of "Apples for England."

Elliott Hannaford is proud of his early pioneer connections.

His home is the one built by Susannah and her sons, and it is almost in its original state.

In the orchard there is a sprink-

ling of stately English trees, and walnut trees abound.

Opal glass portraits of Frederick Hannaford (Elliott's grandfather) and his wife smile from the walls of the sitting-room at Mount Bera, framed in walnut wood grown on the property.

The export of apples from Mount Bera began in Frederick's days, when he sent from there the first consignment of South Australian apples ever to go to England.

They were wrapped in newspaper, packed in second-hand kerosene-cases, bound with second-hand hoop-iron, and despatched as ordinary cargo, and brought 27/- a case at Covent Garden!

The orchard has moved with the times and Elliott is something of a pioneer himself.

He was the first man in South Australia to put in an overhead system of pipes for spraying. About ten thousand gallons are sprayed about seven times a year.

For three years during the war Elliott did all the spraying himself.

There was a good deal of speculation among neighboring orchardists over the revolutionary spraying plant, but it was successful, and much hard work has been eliminated.



LOVELY PANORAMA shows part of Mount Bera, in the Adelaide Hills, where there are some of the most flourishing apple orchards in the Commonwealth.

The Reddens are another pioneer orchardist family.

John Redden settled in the same Hills district with his wife and children, and many of his descendants have large fruit holdings.

His son, Fred Redden, has a fruit property at Prairie. Up the winding Hills road is Fred's nephew, Leslie Redden.

Leslie Redden's sister, Mrs. S. J. Hurst, of neighboring Paracombe married into another pioneer family. Her husband was the youngest of eight sons of the original Hurst settler.

Growing and picking apples is not the whole of the apple story.

Many orchardists have grouped together and established co-operative stores and packing sheds.

The famous Hannaford family are in on this end of the business also, and managing the Cudlee Creek Co-operative Packing Society is Susannah's great-great-grandson, Bill Hannaford, nephew of Elliott.

Bill was connected with the co-operative society for a number of years before he enlisted. He served five years at the war, two and a half of which were spent in England, where he was a sergeant in R.A.A.F. stores.

South Australian history is founded on such families as the Hannafords and the Reddens.



PRETTY apple-picker is Peggy Hannaford, who with the rest of her family shares the seasonal job of picking.



HANNAFORD FAMILY at work on their orchard, Mount Bera, S.A. Mrs. Hannaford and Claire and Peggy are seen at left. Mr. Hannaford and his son John inspect apples. Apple tree in foreground is 100 years old.



SMART PACKERS at work at Cudlee Creek, S.A. (From left) Harold Nobes, Daphne Wilson, and Len Nobes sealing cases of apples.



— off with that mask!

**Bring back
REGULARITY
without harsh
remedies**

**This nut-sweet breakfast
cereal brings quick, safe, relief**

Every time you pour harsh purges and laxatives down your throat you shock your intestinal muscles into unnatural action. Every dose makes those delicate muscles weaker. Your head aches . . . you feel sluggish . . . you look OLD!

Here is the natural and safe way to relieve constipation.

Kellogg's All-Bran supplies natural "bulk" needed to furnish regular elimination. That "bulk" forms a soft absorbent mass that gently massages the internal muscles and brings on peristaltic action.

Two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran daily, eaten as breakfast cereal with milk and sugar, are usually sufficient. Otherwise you should see your doctor. Sold by all grocers.

Ask for

**Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN***
* REGISTERED TRADE MARK



COSMETICS can't hide the results of constipation. No—you must get at the cause—which is lack of "bulk" in your diet. So eat Kellogg's All-Bran regularly—and be regular again.

HARSH REMEDIES get their results by "shocking" your system into action. These unnatural methods frequently call for increased dosage from month to month. They tend to aggravate—never to ease—your condition.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN
*is NOT a purgative. It's a
naturally regulating Food!*

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

ASTROLOGICAL forces this week are divided almost evenly between good and bad, indicating an eventful but also disturbing period for most star groups.

Taurians, Virgoans, and Capricornians will benefit by seeking advancement and change, but Scorpians, Aquarians, and Leonians should beware losses, discord, and worry.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): April 26 (to noon) very good, then poor. May 3 (to 10 p.m.) good. May 4, 5, 6 difficult, 7 tricky.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Keep busy; gains likely. April 30 (to noon), May 1 (to 11 a.m.), 2 (to 8 p.m.), 3, and 4 (forenoon to 3 p.m.) all fortunate.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Routine work best, though May 3 can be very helpful. May 4 (forenoon and afternoon) very fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Recent difficulties improve now. May 2 (afternoon), May 6 (to 9 a.m.), and May 7 (5 p.m. to 9 p.m.) pleasing. Best day May 3.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Caution advised. April 30 (afternoon), May 1, 2, 3 (11 a.m. to dusk) and 7 (afternoon and evening) all very unattractive.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Seek advancement now. April 30 (to noon), May 1 (except midday and evening) and 2 and 3, May 7 and 4 poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Unspec-



"Some was not built in a day, Mrs. Snook!"

Under days now, so keep to routine. May 2 (afternoon) fair, 2 (to 10 p.m.) poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Live dispassionately now; losses, quarrels, and disappointments possible, especially in April 30 (afternoon), May 1, 2, 6 (after 2 p.m.), and 7.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Routine work advised. April 30 (to noon) and May 1 (to 2 p.m., 3 to 9 p.m.) fair, but not at week point.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Health possible now, so work hard. May 1 (except midday and evening), 3, and 7 (to 10 p.m.) all helpful.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be wary of illness now, especially in April 30 (afternoon), May 1, 2, 4, 6 (after 2 p.m.), and 7. Routine work strongly advised.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Modest gains possible. April 30 (to noon), May 1 (midday and evening), and 4 (to 2 p.m.) helpful. Best day May 2.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: 37 to 44, 37 to 44 expire May 5.
RIGGS: 19 to 24.
BUTTER: 34 to 34 (expire May 5).
MEAT: Black 74 to 84 (till May 5). Red and green 84 to 84 (expire May 5).
CLOTHES: 7 1-50, 2 27-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are helping **BETTY GRAY:** In a world-wide hunt for the clues leading to her uncle's fortune. With each clue is a number, part of the combination of the safe where the money is locked. The money is to go to whoever finds all the numbers first, Betty or her cousins.

AUGUSTA: Who wants Betty out of the hunt.

KARL: Who has tired of the whole affair, and **PETER:** At first Augusta's ally, now in love with Betty. **Augusta's new ally is KRAG:** Who tells head-hunters in Cerebi that Mandrake will steal their idol. The third clue is hidden on this idol, which apparently orders the killing of Mandrake, Betty, Peter, and Lothar.

NOW READ ON:





FAMILY GROUP. Before leaving Sydney, Dr. and Mrs. Ecatt snapped with their daughter Rosalind, who is staying with old friends of the Ecatts, Dr. and Mrs. Tunley, of Gulgong.



PHOTO FROM LONDON. The Royal Family was present at wedding of Lavinia Lascelles, daughter of the King's Private Secretary, Sir Alan Lascelles, to Major Edward Renton, the Black Watch, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Picture shows bride and bridegroom driving away in Royal coach.



MEMBERS OF JUNIOR AUXILIARY of Royal Art Society. Joyce Wilson (left), Elizabeth Clarke, Patricia Thomas, and Mrs. D. Lamcraft, admire recent painting by fellow member, Allan Baker, of New Guinea native, which will be hung in society's rooms, Hunter Street, at cocktail party planned for May 17.



LUNCHING AT ROMANO'S. Wing-Commander Jack Davenport, D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, George Medal, and his wife, who recently arrived with their eleven-months-old son, Bruce, in Australia, to make home here. Mrs. Davenport was Sheila McDavid, of Ardrossan, Ayrshire, Scotland.



STUDYING THEIR RACEBOOKS. Mrs. Betty Fairfax with her son James and Lieut.-Commander Bruce Hawkes tried to pick some winners at Randwick over the Easter Meeting.

Intimate Gossipings

SYDNEY'S settling down again after all the whirl of excitement and gaiety at Easter. In fact "us mere city folk" can actually get a foothold in the lobby of the Australia now our country cousins have "given it away" and gone back to the bush.

Not since the Pacific War has there been such a number of country visitors in town. Racing and the yearling sales were the order of the day, and parties, more parties and Romano's and Prince's were the order of the night.

HARD to say whose was the best party over the Easter festivities, but "by the noise and the people" I'd say the Frank Braggs', the Moses clan party in the Gloucester Room at the "pub" with "Mac" Falkner and Gavin Coboeroff as joint hosts; Heather and Betty Field's cocktail "do" at their home, Malratta, Warrawee; Mollie Oxenham's Sunday night party, and the Fred Moses-Frank Thompson after-Cup party at the Australia could be said to be the winners of the week.

The Braggs' party was held at the home of Mrs. Bragg's mother, Mrs. Ralph Worrell, in Birtley Place. Guests were entertained under a huge marquee on the lawn.

And afterwards host and hostess took a party on to Prince's to wind up the evening.

LOTS of people came up from Palm Beach for Heather and Betty Field's party. There'd be celebrating down there, too, in the form of a luncheon party at the club. As both the Fields' party and Mollie Oxenham's party were "up the line," there was a neighborly atmosphere about proceedings, and guests went from one to the other house during the evening.

GUESTS of the Alfred Morgans at the Palm Beach luncheon were Paymaster-Commander T. T. Theophilus, R.N., of H.M.S. Adamant, and his bride, formerly Margot Jeffrey, of East Fremantle, who have been honeymooning in Sydney—at Jonah's, Whale Beach, and now at the Australia.

NONE of the dancers at Romano's could have guessed that Sandy Ramsay had just had a terrific car smash when he turned up bright and smiling and as cool as a cucumber shortly after it had happened. Saw him at Randwick on Cup Day—a trifle pale but still smiling—and shake hands with him for luck. Anyone who escapes after a crash like that ought to be lucky at punting.

SEE the George Walkers, of Yass, out at Randwick with Mrs. Carla Laughlin, of Cootamundra, and Cedric de Mestre, of Yass. Highlight of the Walkers' stay in Sydney is celebration on occasion of their wedding anniversary.



THE DUCHESS at the races. On her first visit to Randwick the Duchess of Gloucester watched the first race with Mr. Alan Potter, chairman of the A.J.C., in the Vice-Regal enclosure.



SMART FEMININE PUNTERS. Mrs. Noel Vincent and Mrs. Douglas Levy attended Randwick Cup Day with their husbands. Mrs. Vincent's high quilted beret of black silk was worn with black jacket and finely checked tweed skirt.

BRIGHT sunshine on Cup Day at Randwick and the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester to the races for the first time since they came to Australia brings forth an array of glamor clothes. It's a real Easter parade with Easter bonnets well to the fore in every conceivable shape, size, and material.

The Duchess looked sweet in pale carnation-pink sheer wool with a midnight-blue hat massed with pale pink roses. She carried a silver fox wrap. Smart dressing was in evidence, too, among the Duchess' luncheon and afternoon-tea guests, who were entertained in the Vice-Regal rooms.

SYDNEY friends of Angus and Amber Lightfoot Walker will be interested to hear that they have a luxurious suite at the Ritz, in New York. It certainly is luxury, anyhow, for their small, beloved Sealyham. In a letter to me, Amber tells me that every day the puppy's meal of bones is brought to him on a silver platter covered with a rich damask serviette. The same bell-boy who brings in the bones (warmed, of course) takes him out for a half-hour's walk each afternoon for five dollars.

AUSTRALIANS who met charming Lady Elizabeth Douglas-Scott for her house guest, Miss Ruth Coleman, and her fiancé, Major Jo Guillett, on Easter Saturday. Ruth and Jo receiving congratulations on all sides on recent announcement of their engagement. Couple attend races with Mrs. Clayton and her daughter Kathleen, and return to Melbourne later on Saturday night.

When her Australian friends learned of her engagement in London, parcels containing dainty lingerie for her trousseau were sent off at a great rate, so that her own precious clothing coupons could be used for dresses.

PARTY at her home at Edgecliff given by Mrs. Hector Clayton for her house guest, Miss Ruth Coleman, and her fiancé, Major Jo Guillett, on Easter Saturday. Ruth and Jo receiving congratulations on all sides on recent announcement of their engagement. Couple attend races with Mrs. Clayton and her daughter Kathleen, and return to Melbourne later on Saturday night.



INTERSTATE INTEREST when Patrick Boyle, son of Colonel and Mrs. H. N. Boyle, of Ken, and Margaret Morrissey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Morrissey, of Waverley, announce engagement.

MELBOURNE guests to visit us at race time are Mrs. H. M. Halliday and Lady Fraser, who comes over to see her daughter, Mrs. Tom Cree, who is now settled with her husband, Lieut.-Commander Cree, in a house at Rose Bay. Peggy Fraser has been staying with the Cree's for several weeks, and Lady Fraser will make the Macquarie Club and then the Australia her headquarters while in Sydney.

HEAR that attractive Annette Stoddale has taken a secretarial job in Bowral with Keith MacDonald.

WEARING a lovely gown of Chantilly lace and her mother's Honiton veil, Alison Hendrie walked up the aisle of St. Michael's Church, Vacluse, for her marriage with James Stewart. Old school friend Helen Cotton was bridesmaid, and best man was bridegroom's brother, Colin Stewart. Reception was held at Ranciliff, Woolahra.

Joyce

Days and Nights

Continued from page 5

WITH a sigh, Saburov stood up, walked over to the lamp, and looked into a mirror which he took from the table.

"I don't have to shave yet," he thought. His face seemed to him no longer white, but green. It was stuffy in the dugout, but at the same time raw. Moisture was hanging on the walls. Putting the mirror back on the table, he let it slip and it broke on the floor.

He picked up the largest piece, in which he could still see himself, and placed it back on the table.

"Breaking a mirror brings bad luck," he said to himself, and he laughed. Things had now come to such a pass that all dreams and predictions of bad luck were fulfilled without exception. Every day, one misfortune or another was sure to happen. It was not hard to be superstitious under such conditions.

He rolled a cigarette and struck a match. The match did not light. He struck another, and still another, then ten in a row. In disgust he threw both the cigarette and the matchbox on the floor. So much carbon monoxide had collected in the dugout that matches would not light. He had moved here two days ago when the Germans had launched a particularly severe attack.

On the first day of it, several direct hits had demolished the furnace room. He had moved into another basement room, but the following day, toward evening, it had been destroyed, too. It was then that he had moved here.

This dugout was even below the basement level. Here at one time had been sewage pipes running under the earth. His engineers in a night had widened the tunnel and made a dugout. It was the third command post he had set up in five days. The Germans had certainly become incredibly lucky.

He walked out of the dugout and clambered up to an observation post from which he could begin to direct the repulse of the German attack. His telephone contact broke down three times; in a single hour two signal corps men were killed. Finally, they beat the Germans back.

It was an especially tough day, one of those days when emotional tension is stretched to such a degree that it is almost impossible to overcome an irrational desire for sleep, even in the heat of battle.

After two morning attacks, a third followed at noon. In the part of the courtyard facing the Germans stood a small, half-destroyed storage building. It had been well constructed with heavy walls and a deep cellar. It stood apart from the other buildings occupied by Saburov, somewhat in front of them and to one side. It was at this building that the Germans directed their third attack.

When four or five tanks had succeeded in coming flush up to this storage building, they took cover from artillery fire behind its walls and began to pump shells directly inside it. German officers followed and in fifteen minutes the last shot sounded inside the little building.

Saburov's first impulse was to try to take the building back at once. In full daylight, but he restrained himself.

He made a sober decision instead: to concentrate all his fire behind the building, thus giving the Germans no chance to bring up strong forces before darkness, and to time his counter-attack with darkness itself. Determination and familiarity with storming operations at night would serve for him as substitutes for the manpower he simply did not have.

When he reported by telephone about the loss of the storage building, Babchenko cursed savagely for several minutes, then said he was coming over himself at once. This failed to cheer up Saburov. He sensed a row with Babchenko, and his fears were justified. Babchenko crawled through to the dugout, snoring over, sweating, angry, covered from head to foot with dirt.

"Well, I got here," Babchenko said. "How many metres deep are you here?"

"Three," Saburov said. "You've burrowed into the ground."

like a mole," Babchenko grumbled in the same surly voice.

Saburov was tired and certainly no less upset than Babchenko about the loss of the building. He knew the thought of this would torment him until the evening, until he could take the building back again.

So in answer to the lieutenant-colonel he said defiantly: "Well, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel, are you ordering me to move the command post up above?"

"No," Babchenko said, conscious of the irony in Saburov's words. "You shouldn't have lost the warehouse, that's all."

Saburov said nothing.

"What are you thinking of doing?" Babchenko went on.

Saburov outlined his plan for a night counter-attack.

"Well," Babchenko said, looking at his watch, "it's two o'clock now. That means they're going to sit there until dark. Have you read the command not to retreat one step backward? Or maybe you don't agree with the command?"

"At six o'clock I will begin the attack," Saburov said, trying to control himself, "and by seven I will hold the warehouse."

"Don't tell me that. Have you read the command not to retreat one step?"

"Yes," Saburov said.

"But you gave up the warehouse?"

"Yes."

"Drive them out at once," Babchenko shouted in a voice that was not his own, jumping up from his stool. "Not by seven, but right away."

From his face and gestures, Saburov realised that Babchenko was teetering on the same thin edge of fatigue and nervous exhaustion on which he stood himself. To quarrel with Babchenko at this minute would be useless.

"Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel," he said pleadingly, "permit me to . . ."

"Well?"

Saburov repeated all the reasons which had made him decide to postpone the attack until night. He added his pledge that he could hold the entire square behind the warehouse under such fire throughout the day that not a single German could be added to those already inside the little building.

"Tell me, have you read the command that we are not to retreat one step backward?" Babchenko asked again, with the same merciless obstinacy.

"I've read it," Saburov said, drawing himself up and keeping his eyes on Babchenko's face. "I've read it, but I just don't want to send men where it isn't necessary to send them when it would be possible to take it all back almost without losses."

"You don't want to? I order you to!"

The thought suddenly flashed into Saburov's mind that right away, at this very minute, he must do something with Babchenko in order to

WE'VE long suspected that those professional-looking briefcases which young men and old like to carry often conceal nothing more than a carefully wrapped package of lunch or the daily newspaper, but we haven't quite got over the shock we had on the train the other morning.

A most dignified young gentleman aged at least 16 sat down next to us. His briefcase was of the best leather and equipped with the latest in zippers. When he unspooled it, we sat fascinated, waiting to see him take out the most highly confidential documents.

We were hardly prepared for the neatly creased copy of that old comic, "Champion," which he unfolded and proceeded to read with avid enjoyment.

Good-bye to all that

A PICTURESQUE aspect of life in the East is soon to go if the Chinese Government's plans work out, says a message from our Hong-kong correspondent.

Rickshaws are to be abolished in China, and the problem of finding new jobs for rickshaw pullers is being considered by the Ministries of Communications and Social Welfare.

Statistics prove that most of the rickshaw pullers are suffering from tuberculosis.

save the lives of many people. He should call Protsenko and report to him that to do as Babchenko wanted was out of the question. But habit and discipline flowed back into him and kept him from doing any of this.

"Very good," he said, continuing to stare relentlessly at Babchenko. "Shall I carry out your command?"

"Carry it out."

Everything that happened after this stayed for a long time in Saburov's memory like a bad dream. They climbed out of the dugout, and in a half-hour Saburov rounded up all the men who were at hand. Babchenko telephoned an order to support the counter-attack with the five field-guns still left in the regiment, which could hardly help much under the circumstances. So the counter-attack began.

Babchenko was in a hurry. The words "not one step backward" he understood literally, not wanting even to consider what to-day's losses had already cost or what they would cost to-morrow, when the Germans would resume their attacks.

This counter-attack had not been prepared. At its start they had not succeeded in dragging over from their left flank even the mortars, which would have been at least some help. But Saburov, with only thirty soldiers, running from wall to wall, from shell-hole to shell-hole, opened an assault on the building.

It all ended as he had expected. Ten men remained lying among the ruins. The rest found themselves some kind of cover not far from the warehouse, and nothing on earth could make them stand up again. The attack failed, and it was obvious that under such conditions it could never have succeeded.

While the men were still hugging the ground, the Germans began to drop mortar shells on them. One of them, exploding right next to him, bruised Saburov slightly, and the whole left side of his face suddenly felt numb, as if packed with cotton wadding. He was cut by a brick splinter, and blood ran down his face, but he did not notice it.

When the shell fire had become unbearable, Saburov signalled to the others and began to crawl back. On the way back still another was killed. An hour after the beginning of this project, Saburov was standing in front of Babchenko behind the low projecting entrance to the building where the lieutenant-colonel, taking almost no cover himself, had watched the attack from as close a position as he could find, under fire the entire time.

Please turn to page 28

WORTH Reporting

FALL . . .

AND what dies in autumn?
Is it the fallen leaf,
The tattered bark of eucalypt,
Blue depths of summer seas?

Is it, perhaps, the hope
That this bright summer
Never would depart
With youth, and love, and
beauty?

Maybe so, but first of all to die
In autumn—thank goodness—
is the summer fly.

—LARRY BOYS.

Personal thanks

LIUT.-COMMANDER Dennis Barrett, of the Royal Navy, had to wait many years and travel more than 12,000 miles to say "thank you" for a blanket which the South Australian branch of the Red Cross P.O.W. had sent him.

At a shipboard party on H.M.S. Manxman, he met Mrs. P. Simonetti, director of P.O.W. He told her that in spite of many efforts to borrow it from him, the blanket had endured five years in German prison camps and the forced march across Germany just before VE Day.

He says that while a P.O.W., as a submarine officer his papers were marked in German, "Highly Dangerous."

This mistrust was apparently not unfounded, for his group of navy men managed to send important information to the Admiralty, via bogus addresses, codes, and so on.

On one occasion, within 25 minutes, they received, decoded, and replied to a request for information on certain military insignia.

Liut.-Commander Barrett's other occupation during internment was the less risky but just as interesting task of producing such meaty dramas as "Night Must Fall."

WE don't mind betting that a lot of Japanese gentlemen must feel the same way as the one who advertised recently in the "Nippon Times," published in Tokyo.

"Japanese gentleman wants to learn English conversation. Fee must be moderate."

We thought there was a rather Old-World air about another advertisement:

"Nisei G.I. desires piano lessons in exchange for English lessons if desired."

Dorothy Drain, our special correspondent in Japan, explains that a Nisei G.I. means an American-born Jap serving in the U.S. Army. Many of them have returned to Japan as interpreters.

Very ordinary seaman

A FRIEND of ours, who is wearing civilian clothes after six years' service with the R.A.N., was watching with some interest four young R.N. officers squeezing themselves into a very small car in a parking area, they having just emerged from a nearby hotel.

The youngest of the quartet looked up suddenly, and intercepted our friend's quizzical stare. He got out of the car and walked over.

"And what are YOU staring at?" he demanded belligerently.

Our friend is good-natured.

"Oh, I was only admiring your little car," he said, in a mollifying tone.

"Well, then," perked the brand-new "subby," "Nobody asked you." "Nobody told me not to, sailor," replied our friend.

"Look here, who are you calling a sailor? I'M no sailor, my good man!"

Our friend's glance, travelled from the knife-edge blue trousers to the shiny new peaked cap. He smiled sweetly and replied: "You're telling me."

Official guide

POSTWAR tourists flocking to Port Arthur vote the inspection of the old Van Diemen's Land convict settlement well worth while if only for the acquaintance of official guide, 70-year-old Tom Free.

Describing himself as "the most interesting relic among the old ruins," Tom took the tourists up and down the convict-built streets, in and out the cells, commanding instant attention to a point of interest with his loud Stan Holloway voice.

When Tom booms, "Note the convict's thumbprint in the brick over 'ere," the tourist notes. Even the most nervous visitors manage a weak but unprotesting smile when Tom locks them in a pitch-black solitary confinement cell, "just to give 'em the right atmosphere."

Tom, who has lived in the district all his life, knows the history of the settlement backwards; mainly due, he says, to his boyhood talks with old residents and a persistent checking and rechecking of data with official sources.

His stories of lashings, solitary confinement, and escapes across the savage dog-guarded Eagle Hawk Neck to the mainland satisfy even the most morbid-minded tourists.

Says Tom laconically, when talking visitors over the lunatic asylum:

"This is now the local council chambers, so things haven't changed much here."

WE can't help admiring the Pollyanna attitude of one of our staff. He recently said his sailing-boat, and, we think, secretly regrets it. However, he tells us that rainy weekends never bother him now.

"When I had the boat I used to hate them," he said.

U.S. hat fashions

SYDNEY woman Mrs. Lorraine Werner, who has just returned to Australia from America with her American husband and small son, says that hats have gone surreal in America.

"Plastics are used extensively in hat-making," she said. "Plastic fine as goosehair was used in layer upon layer for some models. Others were painted with phosphorescent paint so that they would show up in a darkened theatre."

"One extraordinary hat was made in the shape of a Roman helmet. It was completely covered with gold sequins and had a hole in the top through which the hair was pulled to form a crest of nodding curls."

New use for tattoos

TATTOOING is now an essential part of almost every plastic surgery operation in America, says our correspondent in New York.

This age-old art is called pigment injection, and during the past years has been used to eliminate skin disfigurements and cover up scars.

When Colonel James Barrett Brown became chief of plastic surgery at the Valley Forge General Hospital, he began a quest for a man with artistic talent who would learn tattooing.

Sergeant Frank Eliscu, a New York artist and sculptor, got the job.

Sergeant Eliscu works with the same instruments as any tattooist, but, instead of tattooing the familiar initials in hearts, ships in full sail, or hula girls, he tattoos colors into newly grafted skin.

One job he did was on a serviceman's eyelids. They had been burned away and new ones had been made from skin on his chest.

The new lids, however, lacked the red pigment of the facial skin and were a white blotch in a ruddy face.

Sergeant Eliscu had to mix a number of pigments before he got the exact color of the face. The cream-like mixture was then injected into the skin.

On some facial jobs, such as on a newly grafted upper lip, he stippled minute dots to resemble a light growth of beard.



"Wow! Did we wreck those negatives!"



"WORLD'S SWEETHEART" Mary Pickford in a scene from one of her early pictures. Her youthful simplicity gave her a popularity that few stars have achieved.

"World's sweetheart" is sw



RATION-BOOK is given to "World's Sweetheart" when she arrives in London on a business trip. With her is Mr. Walter Gould, of United Artists, the company on whose behalf Mary is visiting England.



DURING THE WAR Mary Pickford made her home, Pickfair, in Hollywood. With her was an antia of a number of R.A.F. men.

"Wash and keep happy" is Mary Pickford's recipe for beauty

Radioed by BILL STRUTTON of our London staff

A petite golden-haired woman with more claims to fame than most other famous women is staying at London's Savoy Hotel in a suite filled every day with fresh roses.

She is Mary Pickford, "World's Sweetheart," a title that no film studio has dared to bestow on a star of this generation.

SHE is also unique as a woman who allows people to believe her to be a year older than she really is.

She can afford to do this, for one of her claims to fame is that she has the sweetest and most youthful face I've ever seen.

To older people she is a fragrant memory bound up with their own youth, to the younger generation she is a remote fairy in the film lore they missed seeing.

Mary Pickford, who turns fifty-three this week, has changed so little that it is almost a fairy tale itself.

She is a little plumper, but her complexion is as radiantly clear as that of a schoolgirl, and the bewitching charm of

her smile still makes you tingle when she turns to you.

The secret of her complexion is "wash and keep happy."

Although among manifold financial interests she is head of a firm of cosmeticians, Mary said to me: "I've never visited a beauty parlor nor had any special massages.

"All I do is use lots of soap and hardly any cosmetics—just a little powder, a dash of mascara, and a touch of lipstick."

And as for the famous Pickford curls, she said, with the equally famous Pickford smile, "Oh, I just wash my hair and set it myself."

But if fame is measured in fan-mail success and dollars, Mary is now at the apex of her financial career with an income that dwarfs her stardom salary.

With investments in real estate beauty treatments, and movie production she is an even keener busi-



HAPPY COUPLE. Mary Pickford and her handsome husband, Buddy Rogers, who was an officer in the U.S. Navy, at a film premiere. They have been married for nine years.



FOUNDERS of famous film company, United Artists. From left: Doug Fairbanks, sen., D.W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin. Mary has made a fortune from film production, and has other business interests in cosmetics and real estate.



MUSIC HATH CHARMS? Apparently Mary doesn't think so in this picture, taken at a Hollywood jancy-dress party. At left is her ex-husband, the late Doug Fairbanks, sen., and (at right) Charlie Chaplin.

et as ever at 53



...many servicemen at her... the watches the aquatic... in the swimming-pool.

...man than when she played... company's offers against... and her screen earnings... thousands weekly.

...the film magnate and one of the... of United Artists she came... to look over the film... advise on the expendi... setting up studios in Eng... to find screen stories suit... English production.

...the two films, she's finding... short of that elusive... which filled her own bank... charm.

...a few stars nowadays seem... along without it," Mary said... Fontaine has it, but it is...

...the week I was presented to... Elizabeth and the Princesses... Royal box at Covent Garden...

...there's simple charm for... she said.

Adopted family

...visit to England after... war, when only a hand... sentimental old fans... her at the airport, ... marked contrast to her... visit with Doug. Fair... when she rivalled... in popularity, when... world's Press snapped her... Suzanne Lenglen at... London, and London's... bobbies had one of... toughest assignments to... rescuing her from the... of her adoring...

...Mary doesn't yearn over past... or for the good old days.

...paid a lot for little scraps of... and "knowledge," she...

...old films are only good... memory. That goes for me as...

...I should hate my old films... shown again.

...giving mine to the Washing... Congressional Library, where... of film-making only should...

...1940, when she and husband... Rogers, to whom she has been... married for nine years,...

...two war orphans, she has... much the anxious mother.

...children, for whom a story... came true, are Michael,...

...and Roxanne, a four-year-... who is already showing...

...of becoming an actress. Acti... to her mother's Hamlet, she...



ESTRANGED. When this picture was taken of Mary at her home at Beverly Hills, she and her first husband, Doug. Fairbanks, sen., had separated. Their marital troubles were followed by every Pickford fan.

can give a knockout performance as Ophelia.

"I'm hoping she'll be a better actress than I ever was," Mary said. "But I am saving up my best advice for her till she is old enough to understand."

"It is that when success comes she must never forget that, as in



THIRTY YEARS AGO. Blonde curls, flawless skin, and an elusive charm made Mary Pickford the beloved star of a million picturegoers.

my case, there are many actresses who are more clever and prettier than she who are still struggling, and that she must never cease to be grateful for her good fortune."

Mary and Buddy, who are joint owners of Comet Productions, still like to roll up the carpet at home in Hollywood, and have an impromptu dance.

Other reasons for her unbelievable youthfulness are that she neither smokes nor drinks, and sleeps nine hours every night.

In Hollywood's rany days, when the film colony was allaying its lusty growing pains with a divorce every week and a wild party every night, her private life was a model of homeliness and discretion.

She is a Christian Scientist, and says: "You'd be surprised at the number of people in Hollywood who go to Church every Sunday."

The British film magnate Arthur Rank is very religious, too, but she's likely to have a tussle with him over United Artists' latest film, "Spellbound," starring Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.

He's unwilling to show it in one of the bigger Rank cinemas, perhaps in memory of her veto on a proposal two years ago to show his films in America.

But the womanly weapons of "the world's sweetheart" are as melting as ever, and if charm wins arguments Mary Pickford will be able to nail up another conquest.



LATEST PICTURE of Mary Pickford, who has just turned 53, arriving at her hotel in London. Unlike most women, she doesn't mind anyone knowing her age. She is still so pretty that it hardly matters anyhow.

SABUROV saluted and dropped his rifle on the ground with a clatter. His face smeared with blood and mud was so terrifying to look at that Babchenko at first said nothing. Then he said: "Take a rest."

"What?" said Saburov, not hearing.

"Take a rest," Babchenko repeated. Saburov did not hear. Then Babchenko shouted directly into his ear.

"I think I've got a slight concussion," Saburov said.

"Take a rest," Babchenko shouted for the fourth time, and he walked off toward the dugout.

Saburov moved after him. They did not descend into the dugout but sat on their heels by the side of a spur of the wall where the guardhouse was. Both were silent, neither wanting to look the other in the face.

"Blood," Babchenko said. "You wounded?"

Saburov took out of his pocket a dirty, earth-colored handkerchief and wiped his face. Then he felt his head.

"No, just bruised and scratched," he said.

"Call up from the company everyone you can get," Babchenko ordered. "I'm going to lead the attack myself."

"How many men?" Saburov asked.

"As many as there are."

"There won't be more than forty," Saburov said.

"As many as there are, I already said," Babchenko repeated.

Saburov sent out an order for more men and also for the mortars to be dragged nearer. In spite of his stubbornness, Babchenko knew perfectly well that it was his own fault the attack had been unsuccessful, and that the next attack would have no better chances. But after men had died uselessly before his own eyes, and at his command, he considered it essential to try to do what his subordinates had failed to do.

While the mortars were being dragged up and the men assembled,

Babchenko gave his last command before the attack and then returned to the fragment of wall from which he had observed the first attack. He began to examine carefully the stretch of courtyard lying in front of him, checking from just which points it would be easiest and safest to begin the attack.

Saburov stood silent beside him. Forty steps away a heavy German shell exploded with a dull thud.

"They've spotted us," Saburov said. "Let's get out of here, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel."

Babchenko said nothing and did not move. A second shell went off on the other side of them, also not more than forty paces away.

"Let's get out of here, Comrade Lieutenant-Colonel, they've spotted us," Saburov repeated.

Still Babchenko did not move. He felt himself challenged.

"Let's go," Saburov almost shouted a third time when another shell went off right next to them.

Babchenko quietly turned to him, looked straight in his eyes, then took a pinch of tobacco from his pouch and rolled himself a cigarette with firm, untroubled fingers.

The next shell exploded right in front of the wall. Several shell splinters buried themselves in the masonry above their heads, sifting dust down on them. Saburov noticed that Babchenko jumped, and this natural, human reflex prompted Saburov in his turn to say the simple, friendly words: "Philip Philipovich, let's get out of here."

Babchenko remained silent. Then, remembering his cigarette, he took a lighter out of his pocket, snapped it several times, and lit the cigarette, turning his back into the wind and bending over low to catch the flame.

Maybe if he had not turned he would not have been killed, but, crouched and crouching, he was struck directly in the head by a piece of shell exploding five steps away. He sank quietly at Saburov's feet.

Days and Nights

Continued from page 25

Anxiously Saburov stooped and pressed his ear to Babchenko's breast. The heart was no longer beating.

"Dead," he said.

Then he turned to Petya, who was lying a few steps away behind the wall, and said: "Petya, come here a minute, help me."

Petya clambered over to him. They took Babchenko by the shoulders and the legs, and, bending over, carried him quickly into the dugout.

"The mortars have been dragged up," said a lieutenant running up to Saburov. "Shall we open fire?"

"No," Saburov said, "drag them back again."

He called for Maslennikov and ordered him to cancel all the preparations for attack and to send the men back to their posts. Then he telephoned regiment headquarters and reported that Babchenko had been killed. He explained under what circumstances, and then said he would send the body back to regiment headquarters as soon as it grew dark.

He was sorry, of course, that they had killed Babchenko, but at the same time he had a fully conscious, completely clear feeling of relief. Now he could handle things as he considered necessary, and the stupid counter-attack thought up by Babchenko for his own prestige would not be repeated. He issued orders to send help to the wounded men and to prepare for a counter-attack on the storage building during the night.

Meanwhile the Germans started nothing new. In his bones Saburov felt that on their side, too, everything was over for to-day, and that there was no reason to expect a new attack before the next morning. He talked on the telephone with his companies and then lay down, having left an order to be wakened at five, just before it would be dark.

No sound woke him, but a feeling of being stared at. In front of him stood Anya. She was looking at him with big, child-like eyes. He sat up and quietly looked at her.

"I asked you orderly to wake you up," Anya said, "but he didn't want to. I've been here a long time, and now I have to go. But I wanted very much to see you." She held out her hand to Saburov. "How are you?"

"Sit down," Saburov said, moving over on the cot. Anya sat down.

"I see you've recovered completely." "Yes, completely," Anya said. "You see, I was only slightly wounded. It was just that I lost a lot of blood. You know," she added quickly, as if not to let him talk, "I've found my mother. We are together again now."

"Together?"

"Well, not quite together. She's over there in a village, living in a peasant house, near where our medical aid station is located, and I spend the nights there with her. That is, not the nights, because I sleep in the mornings when I get back from crossing the river."

"Have you been coming back here a long time already?"

"This is the first time here, but it's my fourth day back at work. I told mother all about you."

"What did you tell her?"

"Everything I know."

"And what do you know about me?"

"A great deal," Anya said.

"Well, such as?"

"Quite a lot, almost everything."

"I even know how old you are. You told me the truth that time. You're twenty-nine. Your orderly told me so."

"I'll have to discipline him for revealing a military secret," Saburov said, trying to sound severe. "What else did he tell you?"

"He told me you almost got killed to-day."

"And what else?"

"What else? Nothing else, I didn't have time to ask him. We're moving the wounded all into one place. Have you many?"

"Yes, a lot of wounded," Saburov said, frowning. "A lot of them. You say you didn't have time? If you had had time, would you have asked more questions?"

"Yes, I certainly would."

"Well, then, ask me them." He looked at his watch. "I've got time."

"You'd better sleep. I woke you up."

"How did you wake me? I woke up myself."

"No, it was I who woke you. I looked at you such a long time that you woke up. I did it on purpose. I wanted you to wake up."

"That means you must have some magnetic power in your eyes," Saburov said. He knew he wasn't saying what he wanted to. He added at once, in another tone: "I am very glad to see you."

"I am, too," Anya said, and she looked straight into his eyes.

He understood then that the unexpected kiss that night, when she was lying on the stretcher, had not been forgotten by her, and that in general she had forgotten nothing of the little there had been between them, little indeed but very important.

"It's been tough here," he said.

"I know," Anya said. "Several times we've had your soldiers at our medical aid station. I asked them how things were here."

She plucked with her fingers at the edge of her tunic. Saburov knew this was not from embarrassment, but because she wanted to say something that was important to her, and was trying to choose her words.

"Well?" he asked unexpectedly.

She was silent.

"Well, what is it?" he repeated.

"I've thought a lot about you, a great deal," she said with her customary grave frankness.

"And what conclusion did you reach?"

"None. I simply thought about you. I wanted very much to talk to you again."

She looked at him questioningly, waiting for him to answer her, and he could feel that she was waiting for him to say something good, something wise and comforting, that everything would come out all right, that they would both come through the war alive, the kind of grown-up talk which would make her feel like a little girl under his protection.

But he didn't want to say anything. He wanted simply to put his arms around her. He put his hand on her shoulder, just as he had on the steamer, and pulled her gently toward him, and said:

"You know, I thought you would come."

With these words she felt that he also remembered the kiss when she was on the stretcher. She felt that it was this memory which made him say: "I thought you would come."

"Do you know," she said, "probably this happens to everybody. A day comes and you've been waiting terribly for something on that day, and then it happens. To-day I've been waiting since morning to see you and I haven't noticed anything else around me. During the daytime the shooting was fierce, but I hardly noticed it. Maybe that means that if I keep on coming to see you I will become brave. What do you think?"

"But you're already brave."

"No, not so brave, usually, but to-day I am."

He looked at his watch. "Is it beginning to get dark outside?"

"Yes," she said, "probably. I didn't notice." She gave a start. "It's time to begin moving the wounded. I must be off."

He was glad to hear her say that because he saw from his watch that it was time for him to get ready for the attack, and he was glad that she would be the first to go.

"You won't manage them all in one trip?"

"No," she said. "I'll be back twice to-day. If we manage before morning we'll be lucky."



Saburov stood up and said: "The commanding officer of our regiment was killed to-day. Did you know about it?"

"Yes, I know. Right next to you, they told me. Were you injured to-day?"

"Only slightly." He looked at her and realised for the first time that she had been talking more loudly than usual, probably because she had heard about his concussion.

"Did Petya tell you that, too?"

"Yes. Will I see you again to-day?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Saburov said hurriedly. "Of course, we'll see each other. Why not? Only..."

"What?"

He wanted to say that she should be more careful, but he hesitated. How could she be more careful? There was only the one familiar path along which the wounded could be taken; there was only the one time of day. It would be simply stupid to say this to her.

"No, never mind," he said. "Of course, we'll see each other. Without any doubt."

When she had gone, Saburov sat quietly for a moment. Then he stood up and put on his overcoat. He wanted to finish the attack on the warehouse as quickly as he could, not only because this would be good to do anyway, but also because only afterwards could he see Anya again.

He thought about this and grew a little frightened at his own thoughts, since he could not hide from himself that they were thoughts of love. And once started, those thoughts did not disappear.

They stayed with him even while he was giving his last instructions before the attack, and after it had begun. They stayed with him while they crawled through the ruins at the start, and later as they were running under fire, and even when, having thrown two grenades in front of him, he broke with the others into the warehouse and plunged into the chaos of hand-to-hand fighting.

This time he recaptured the warehouse at a total cost of one killed and five wounded. And although it was his sincere habit neither to think nor speak evil about the dead, still he remembered Babchenko again with anger flooding through him.

Vanin, his commissar, took part in the attack with him. Although this was unwise, Vanin had insisted on it, and Saburov had not found the strength to refuse him. In general he was in a mood which made it hard for him to refuse any man's request. They were together through the fighting and they returned together to the dugout.

The commissar, sitting on the cot across from him, was cleaning his revolver, which had been covered with mud. With its butt-end in his stomach, he was trying hard to take out the firing hammer. Saburov noticed that the muzzle of the revolver was pointed straight at him.

"When you're cleaning a gun, point it at the floor, or at the ceiling, and not at your neighbor," he said crossly. "You ought to make that a rule."

"But it isn't loaded," Vanin said.

"Just the same."

Please turn to page 30

NEW YORK ROUND-UP

Nature bows to milady's latest craze

Radioed by L. J. MILLER of our New York staff

Hats decorated with real flowers are the latest craze. Greenhouse owners are linked with fashion emporiums and have devised a temperature control system which enables the florists to time the blooming of flowers exactly for Easter or any other date.

HATS with real flowers sell at £3 to £13, and the flowers last five days if kept in the refrigerator at night.

BRUNETTES are more honest than blondes—half the blondes in the world began as brunettes.

"Therefore they're phonies," says Wolfe Kaufman, author of "I Hate Blondes."

Wolfe warns to his subject—and to brunettes (he's just married his fourth). "Men wanting quick romance go for blondes, thinking they're not basically honest, anyway," he adds.

Well, Wolfe ought to know the score.

A WOMAN in Flushing—a suburb in New York—phoned a fish-monger and asked him to send some nice fillets O.O.D. (cash on delivery). They sent her codfish.

She sent it back and said it was not the kind she wanted. Would they send some other fillets?

They are still sending her codfish.

A CITY butcher displays this poster:

"For every 10 pounds of waste fat you bring in we give you a free booklet on how to reduce."

The butcher says it brings results each way.

A GIRL on the commercial radio programmes gets £13 for a half-hour show, because she can make a noise like a rooster.

She is Pat Browning, 23, and red-headed.

Her job is to make queer sounds. She speaks in the voice of strange things, like a vacuum-cleaner, foghorn, buzz of a saw, and, of course, a rooster.

The noises are used mainly as vocal trademarks for commercial products.

For this she uses a device which consists of two microphone-like units held close to her larynx.

They look like earphones and weigh three pounds each. With these tucked under her chin Pat takes off her shoes in order to get a firmer stance and goes to work.

It's a noisy career.

THE mass of strike news has given an idea to a housewife in Stamford, Connecticut.

She now makes her husband pay time-and-a-half on her allowance every time he lengthens her work by coming home late for supper.

She threatens that if he doesn't pay up she will picket the house with a sign, "Jack's Unfair."

A BROOKLYN laundry scans gossip columns for items predicting additions to a family and then addresses letters to unborn children recommending the firm's napkin service.



*It's not just Luck
that I'm a Perfect Blonde* ”

According to the Goldsheen Girl, even Mother Nature sometimes needs a helping hand... for example, when new dark-hair growth makes its unwelcome appearance to threaten your reputation as a perfect blonde.

Keep your hair "evenly" blonde from hair-roots to ends with Goldsheen Root Blonding Cream. It's simple to use... you just unscrew the lid and apply the cream as required, with a toothbrush... It's convenient because it vanishes immediately

into the scalp, leaving no trace of its use... It's efficient because hundreds of tests on actual heads have proved that, used as directed, it never fails.

And it's perfectly "safe" because Goldsheen Root Blonding Cream contains valuable vitaminic oils which protect and nourish the scalp and hair whilst the blonding ingredient works its miracle. All chemists and stores sell Goldsheen Root Blonding Cream, the only preparation of its kind. Price, 5/6 per jar.

Goldsheen

HAIR-ROOT BLONDING CREAM

PRODUCT OF GOLDSHEEN LABORATORIES

Goldsheen BLONDING LOTION

The famous preparation for producing golden hair.

Goldsheen WAVE-SET LOTION

Keeps hair "just so" without that artificial look.

Goldsheen LIQUID SHAMPOO

Leaves the hair silky soft and really clean. A fine shampoo.

Goldsheen BRILLIANTINE

A true brilliantine, non-greasy and just lightly perfumed.

Goldsheen FOAMING TAR

A new shampoo, tremendously popular with the men-folk.

Continuing . . . Days and Nights

from page 28

VANIN shrugged his shoulders, snapped the hammer to show that the revolver was not loaded, and continued cleaning it, pointing it at the floor. There was a short silence, then Vanin asked, "Why are you so sulky to-day? Tired?"

"No," Saburov said. "I've already rested. I slept in the daytime."

"But you're sulky just the same."

"No, I'm not sulking. Simply thinking."

"What are you thinking about? About Babchenko?"

"Among other things, about Babchenko."

"Yes," Vanin said. "He got it. I wonder who will get his job. Maybe you?"

"No," Saburov said, "probably they'll name Vlassov from the first battalion. He's a major."

"Yes. Babchenko got it," Vanin repeated. "I heard you had a fight with him to-day."

"Who told you?"

"Maslennikov."

"He ordered a daytime attack, and I didn't like it. It wasn't necessary. We lost eleven men."

"Couldn't you convince him?"

"No. If I could have, I wouldn't have tried the attack."

The telephone rang. It was Protzenko. The sound of his voice made Saburov feel better.

"How are things?" Protzenko asked.

"Good."

"What do you mean by not taking care of your boss?"

"I couldn't," Saburov said. "I wanted to but I couldn't."

"Did you get the warehouse back easily?" Protzenko asked.

"Very easily, with small losses."

"That's what you should have done from the start—cut off the approach for any German reinforcements and then recaptured it at night. That's the way to handle those things in the future."

It sounded like a rebuke, a mild one certainly, but still a rebuke. Saburov wanted to say that Babchenko had been to blame for the

daytime attack, but could not bring himself to do so.

Anya kept her word and ran in again late in the evening. She was in a great hurry and dashed in only for a moment, but short as their meeting was, Saburov realised that from that day on they would see each other as much as possible, and that even when they could meet only for a minute it would still be good.

When she had run out again, he felt anxious for her. For the first time in Stalingrad, he was conscious that the dangers surrounding them were endlessly different. Some of them, naturally, were his dangers, and others, terrifying and unexpected ones, were her dangers. And he realised that now, probably, he would always be afraid for Anya.

His duties were finished but he had ordered a reconnaissance scout to come to him at eleven o'clock. That morning, the scout had reported a suspected weakness in a section of the German communications, and now Saburov was going out himself to make his own estimate of the situation.

The prospect of exploring to-night, and then to-morrow night trying to cut off a German company seemed by now so tempting that he thought about what lay ahead with eagerness and confidence. He called out to Petya: "Has Vassiliev come yet?"

"Not yet," Petya answered.

"Call him. And tell him to hurry."

Vassiliev, the reconnaissance scout, appeared five minutes later. Round his neck hung a rifle, two grenades were tied in a neat linen bag to his belt, and a flat bayonet hung next to them. He wore no overcoat, but was travelling light in a tightly buttoned, padded jacket. This was the way he always went out scouting.

"Let's go," Saburov said, standing up. "Petia, ask Petrov to go with me."

Petrov was a Tommy-gunner who

accompanied Saburov on those occasions when Petya stayed at headquarters. Saburov took his rifle from the wall, put on a padded jacket like Vassiliev's, pulled his leather belt tight, and put in his pocket two of the lemon grenades which he liked for their small size and powerful action.

They went out, Vassiliev in front, then Saburov, Petrov bringing up the rear. Outside, they found Maslennikov waiting for them in the shadow of a wrecked wall.

Maslennikov had known that Saburov was going on this reconnaissance, but he did not approve of it, considering that such an expedition should be carried out not by Saburov but by himself. Since Saburov had made the decision, and since it was hard to make him change his mind, Maslennikov had found some kind of pretext to be at the spot from which Saburov would set off.

THE fact that Maslennikov was waiting there was a surprise for Saburov, but he did not show it, and only smiled to himself in the dark.

"You here, Misha?"

"Yes, Comrade Captain, I . . . " Maslennikov began to explain just why he was hanging about outside, but Saburov interrupted him with a motion of his hand.

"I know," he said. Again his smile could not be seen in the darkness. He felt pleased that Maslennikov was anxious about him.

Maslennikov came close to Saburov, took his hand, and said quietly, "Alexei Ivanovich."

"Well?"

"Alexei Ivanovich," Maslennikov repeated.

"Well, what?"

Suddenly Saburov understood. Maslennikov had come up to him in order to embrace him. Sensing this, Saburov embraced him first, then quickly turned round and walked

away. Maslennikov looked after him. It was no foreboding about what might happen, but a kind of unaccountable grief which had been heavy in his heart since early morning, when he had first learned about this expedition.

At first they walked along openly, the darkness of the night making this possible. Then Petrov carelessly let the muzzle of his gun clatter on a wall. All three froze, holding their breaths, waiting for bullets to be fired at random in the general direction of the noise. But no one fired, and they went on.

When they had gone about a hundred and fifty yards they had to start crawling between the craters along a little alley which looked as if an earthquake had hit it. Besides the walls themselves, which had tumbled down every way, the ground was covered with bricks and with every kind of object, strange sometimes to the touch. There were pieces of furniture, splintered dishes, a broken bathtub, a battered samovar. On the jagged edge of the samovar, Saburov cut his hand.

They crawled along like this for five minutes or a little more. When Vassiliev figured that they had already crawled to within fifty paces of their goal, they suddenly heard over their heads the familiar drone of a night fighter. Little bombs whistled through the air and exploded all round them.

Just at that time Vassiliev was crawling in front with Petrov next to him, and Saburov, ready to fall on his knees as they had done in order to creep forward, was standing by a half-destroyed wall.

The nearest bomb fell right next to the wall in a corner. The wall rocked and crumbled to the earth, covering Saburov with bricks. The bricks fell on him from the side like a pyramid of children's blocks. Letting himself fall with them, Saburov closed his eyes. From the blow itself, from the force of the explosion and the air rushing past him, it seemed to him that he was killed.

WHEN he stopped falling and opened his eyes he felt neither death nor even weakness, but only the tremendous weight of the bricks on top of him, and in his nose and in his mouth the taste of crumbled bricks.

"Vassiliev," he whispered. "Vassiliev."

Vassiliev did not answer.

"Petrov," Saburov called again.

No one answered. Apparently both his companions had been killed. In his whole body there was an extraordinary and terrifying feeling of constriction, as if he were bound all round with rope, leaving only his left arm and his head free. A piece of brick had fallen on his face, and blood was running into one eye.

The sky above his head was as black as if he had lost his sight. Rain—he noticed this only now—was falling. His arm was growing numb. He drew it to his body and tried to close his fingers round one of the bricks pressing on him. He closed his eyes, and sometimes losing consciousness, sometimes coming to, he lay there for minutes. Then, biting his lips, he moved his free arm up to the top of the pile of bricks and quietly pushed the top brick to one side.

Drops of rain fell endlessly on his face. He wanted to wipe them off, but he did not want to waste an entire movement of his arm for this. He needed his arm for one thing: to drag it up to his body, to take a piece of brick, and quietly to move it to the side; then again to bring up his arm, again take a brick, again move it to one side, and so on until the end.

Until he died, until he lost consciousness, until just what he did not know.

To be continued

All characters in the serial and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

My mother-in-law is my dearest friend!

SHE SAVED ME FROM SCRUBBING WITH OLD-FASHIONED BAR SOAPS... BY TELLING ME ABOUT RINSO

A YOUNG BRIDE LIKE YOU
SCRUBBING CLOTHES, THESE
DAYS? WHY, EVEN I GAVE UP BAR
SOAPS YEARS AGO . . .

IF RINSO WILL
DO ALL YOU SAY,
IT MUST SAVE
HOURS OF
WORK.
ANYWAY,
I'LL TRY IT!

SEEING'S BELIEVING! RINSO'S
SUDS ARE SO RICH AND THICK
THEY FLOAT OUT ALL THE DIRT
BY THEMSELVES

HOW CAN I THANK YOU! THE
WHITES ARE DAZZLING WHITE—AND
THE COLOURED'S LOOK LIKE NEW

THANK RINSO—NOT ME!
AND NOW YOU DON'T
RUB AND SCRUB. YOU'LL
FIND CLOTHES LAST
LONGER, TOO

THE BETTER THE SUDS
THE BRIGHTER YOUR WASH
AND RINSO GIVES THE RICHEST,
THICKEST SUDS OF ALL!



Rinso
GIVES THICKER
RICHER SUDS

A Taste For Lemonade

Continued from page 7

PETE said brusquely: "Well, I won't say long." He didn't know why, but the thought of her and another man made him want to get some reaction from her that had to do with him . . . made him want to hurt her in some way. "Told Cynthia I'd be back soon as I saw the baby. I'll not embarrass you. You remember Cynthia, don't you?"

Her brows tightened slightly. "The girl with the hair? I'd have thought she'd have other interests by this time."

"You would?" The irritated feeling grew. "Who's the guest? Any one I know?"

She hesitated. "Bob Carpenter." "Oh?" His voice was unconcerned, but the name grated. Bob Carpenter, an amazingly successful doctor, had wanted to marry Terry when Pete had met her. Pete didn't like the idea of his having cosy little dinners like this with Terry . . . didn't like it at all. His voice was bleak. "You know what you're doing, I hope."

She seemed surprised. "That really isn't any concern of yours, is it?"

"Isn't it, though?" He was unaccountably mad now. "What about the baby? I have a right to say something about the type of people surrounding her, haven't I?"

"Not actually. Not unless there's something wrong with them. There isn't anything wrong with Bob."

"He drinks."

"Not too much."

"Who's the judge of that?"

"I am. Besides, he doesn't drink as much as you did."

He brooded on that for a minute. He wanted to say something biting, but from the world's viewpoint there wasn't anything wrong with Bob Carpenter. "Well, I don't like him."

She shrugged. "You don't like me, either, but I don't intend to stop associating with the baby. Would you like to see her?"

"That's what I came for," he grunted ungraciously.

She opened the door. There was a cot at the far side of the room. The half-light shed a dim glow. Pete tiptoed forward. A blonde, luscious-headed little girl was in one corner, huddled into a small ball. Pete looked back and beckoned anxiously. "Is she all right?" he whispered. "She's sleeping on her knees."

"She likes to. I have to keep putting her down." Terry leaned over the crib and adjusted the baby's legs. Anne whimpered slightly as she turned and Terry patted her. Pete, watching Terry, realised her lips, leaning over the baby, were smiling with a bitter-sweet tenderness that hurt him inside. She whispered, "Go to sleep, darling," and the words were like a kiss. Then she turned to him a little defiantly. "Do you want me to wake her?"

Pete did, but he didn't say so. He shook his head. "I'll come some time during the day." After they tiptoed out, closing the door behind them, he added vindictively, "Maybe I'll bring Cynthia along."

Her eyes half closed. "I won't allow that."

"Why not? After all, Bob Carpenter—"

"I won't have her here. The baby loves you. I've taught her to love her Daddy while you were away. She loves her Mummy and Daddy and her world is sweet and lovely. I won't let any hint of ugliness into it for her now. She'll understand soon enough."

"That's ridiculous! Why, she'll never know the difference. Besides, Cynthia's a fine person . . . do Anne good to meet people like that."

Terry's face was white. Her lower lip trembled. "I won't have her here, do you understand? I don't want her round my baby."

Pete shrugged. "Carpenter's all right, though. You haven't changed, Terry. You never could see my point of view about anything, could you?" She turned away from him. "Pete, you'd better go."

But he didn't want to. He wanted

to reach out and pat her hair and tell her he was sorry . . . that he hadn't meant to hurt her . . . that he thought it was wonderful that she'd made the baby love him.

He wanted to sit in the big chair in the living-room and take her in his lap and let her nestle her cheek against his shoulder. He wanted to tell her that his meanness was just getting back at her for not needing him any more, and that he didn't really feel like that. He took a step toward her. Then he saw the silver gleaming on the table set inside and stopped.

"Yes," he said gruffly. "I'll go now. I'll get out of the way."

He took his hat and went out. It was raining harder now. Pete looked back when he reached the gate. He closed it behind him and stood there for a moment. The house . . . it was funny he'd never noticed how pretty it was before. It had only been a temporary inconvenience to him until he could make Terry see how inadequate it was compared with the conveniences of a city flat.

Of course, that was when he'd been in it. In the foxholes it had come to mean something different. His mind had had to get four thousand miles away to notice the snug arrangement of the curtains . . . the fireplace and its possibilities for reading and just smoking and dreaming . . . the friends they



"All right then—get a plumber and hang the expense!"

should have had in Terry's brave efforts to get him to like being home by preparing elaborate meals the beautiful silk robe she'd bought him for Christmas, although he'd forgotten to buy her a present. He hadn't really come back to Cynthia and her friends. He'd come back to this house . . . to the girl inside it who was no longer his.

Pete turned up his collar. The house didn't want him. The table was set for another man. He shrugged, huddled into his coat, and started to walk toward the bus stop. He'd be late for the show, but he didn't want to see a show to-night. He wanted to go home.

He stepped into a cafe, out of the rain. The telephone booth in the corner was musty. He dialled the theatre. The man taking his message promised to give it to Cynthia. Pete put down the receiver. He smoked a cigarette under the awning. Then he stepped out into the rain again. He was wet, and he was going to get wetter, but he had to go back and look at the house.

He stood at the corner for a while. Carpenter might not have arrived yet, and he did not want to be caught at the doorway. Twenty minutes of slowly being soaked to the skin convinced him that the other must have come while he was walking. He strolled up slowly. He didn't know why he had this impulse to hurt himself unless it was the unconscious need to do penance for having been idiot enough to let Terry get away from him.

His eyes flickered. There were lights in the living-room, but the dining-room was dark. That didn't make sense. He looked at his watch. It was well past eight. If Carpenter

wasn't there yet it was a good bet he wasn't coming.

Pete stood there irresolutely. He could go back in . . . walk right up and ring the bell . . . say he'd left something. It would sound silly, though. He hadn't brought anything with him he could have left except his hat, and he was wearing that. The loneliness in him was like a pain beating against the closed door.

His jaw clenched. He'd go up and bang on the door. After all Anne was his baby. He'd been away for a long time. He'd demand that she be wakened . . . that he be allowed to talk to her. He didn't care what Terry said.

He opened the gate and strode up the walk. He didn't bother with the bell. He rapped sharply . . . angrily . . . and waited, his heart on edge.

No one came at first, and he rapped again. He heard footsteps. Terry's voice was low. "Who is it?"

"Pete."

He thought he heard what sounded like a quickly drawn breath, the door opened. Pete stepped in, his jaw thrust forward aggressively. "I want to see the baby. I have a right—" He stopped. Then he swallowed.

Terry was standing there, her hair crumpled slightly. Her eyes looked as though they were getting ready to cry. Her voice trembled slightly, as though she had been hurt terribly and expected to be hurt again. "All right. I'll wake her up." She turned.

The fullness in Pete's throat made it hard for him to speak. "Terry, wait. I—I'm lying. I didn't really come back to see her. It's been so long since I've been home. I just wanted to come back for a few minutes and look at it all again."

She looked round, her eyes startled. "Home? You— you mean here?"

He nodded.

Her eyebrows pushed together, confused. "I—I don't understand."

Pete shrugged. "Maybe it takes a close look at death to make a man realise what gives value to life." His voice was moody.

"The boy in me wanted glamor. I found out a little too late that I'd outgrown him. Good-bye, Terry." He turned towards the door.

"Where are you going?"

"To my hotel. I was a fool to come back. I hope you and Carpenter are very happy."

"Pete! Pete, you idiot!"

He looked round, blinking. Her eyes were misty, but they were shining. "Bob doesn't mean anything to me. I—I haven't even seen him since you left. I only said he was coming because you were talking about Cynthia and tearing me to little pieces inside. I had to strike back some way."

He swallowed. "But the table . . . it was set for two."

She nodded, her eyes welling. "Us. I felt that you'd come. I felt that you belonged to Anne and me." She gulped. "I—I even had Martinis in the refrigerator. I was going to force myself to drink one . . . to be more the sort of person you liked."

Pete kissed her as though he were drinking from a deep cup after a long parching drought. "You won't have to develop a taste for Martinis," he murmured. "It took a war to do it, darling, but I've developed a taste for lemonade."

(Copyright)

Notice to contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 3000 words; articles up to 1000 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Ps 53-57

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young charm
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It is indeed a choice that speaks of subtlety—so clear its contrast with the fashions
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Yardley English Lavender, 3/5 to 17/3
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tablets) 1/10

At All Fine Chemists and Stores

Size-Five and a half

Continued from page 9

THE telephone rang. Ernest took his hand from his face to answer it. He murmured down the phone that his partner dealt with divorces really, but that he was very busy, yes, exceedingly busy at the moment—what was the name? Perhaps he could see her in the morning?

"What's that? A case! Another case! Hootay!" Vincent said slightly hysterically. He would have to tell Vincent later it was only the exchange testing the line.

"You see, we need you," Ernest turned to the girl. "There's this case and a whole pile of letters here." He put the newspaper hurriedly over the empty in tray. "I don't know how they're ever going to be answered."

"How much would you want a week?" Vincent began when the phone rang again. This was wonderful, Ernest thought. It couldn't have been better arranged. It was an aunt of Vincent's to say she had found a suitable woman. She had a child, but that could be arranged. She was forty and most capable. She had been at the Foreign Office. Would they come and meet her, and something could be arranged.

Ernest made notes that sounded like a most important client and he rigged out of any arrangements. "Are you," the girl spoke as Ernest replaced the receiver, "offering me a job?" Ernest and Vincent both said "Yes."

"I couldn't come without any shoes," the girl said.

"A little thing like that could easily be arranged," Ernest said. After Vincent's aunt he felt anything could be arranged.

The girl put her hand on the desk and leaned towards Ernest, who leaned back in his chair, fascinated. "Have you ever tried buying shoes?" she asked gently.

"Of course," Ernest thought that an extraordinary remark. The whole situation was becoming absurdly fantastic.

"You haven't got a pair of shoes for six years," Vincent said scornfully, "except Army ones."

"Where is this getting us anyway?" Ernest felt Vincent had scored somewhere.

"All right, I'll take the job," the girl said. "If you can buy me a pair of shoes, size five and a half with wedge heels—in brown. I'll pay for them, of course, and here are the coupons."

"Nonsense," Ernest almost shouted in his excitement. "We'll give you the shoes as a present." He stroked his moustache nervously. She was going to work for them. He would be able to look at her every day. In fact they'd found a secretary. This fact was also dawning on Vincent, who said:

"Look here, you couldn't possibly start now, could you? We've got a typewriter," he pointed to a shrouded object on the floor, "it's a bit pre-war, but it works."

"It's almost lunchtime," Ernest said, looking at his watch. "We'll go and have some lunch and get down to work this afternoon. Better not leave the office, Vincent, you never know who might ring."

Vincent began to protest, but Ernest was firm and had the girl by the arm. "You will lunch with me, won't you? I can't run to a taxi, but there's a place I know a couple of streets away—you won't need to walk far."

The girl smiled and Ernest's world lit up with splendor.

Vincent waited until three-thirty and then Ernest rang up. He said as there wasn't much work to do he thought of going to the pictures, and not to expect him early in the morning as he was going to buy the shoes—which after all was really part of the job. Then he rang off and Vincent looked up the office and went out to get a drink at the club to buy him up before taking Penelope out to dinner.

The girl was in the office by the time Vincent arrived the next morning. She had got the windows clean with the aid of the ex-sticker, so the office looked almost human. There was ink in the ink-wells and

there were four letters in the in tray. The typewriter was unshrouded.

She explained to Vincent that they must have a filing system, although Vincent pointed out that at the moment there was really very little to file. So they spent a pleasant hour buying stationery and then Vincent took her out to have coffee. He discovered her name was Hermione and she didn't in the least mind him using it.

He told her about his ship and being torpedoed, and a bit about his life in prison, without feeling as though he were addressing the women's institute.

They got back to the office to find Ernest deep in the telephone directory. He was vague about the shoes and said something about having the right color in to-morrow. He asked Hermione to stay in the office in charge and he hurried Vincent to the hotel round the corner.

"I tried ten shops," Ernest gasped at last. "No good." He ordered the beer. "We'll have to work out a campaign, old boy. I rang up all the shops I could think of and found out when they have their quotas in. Here's the list. We'll halve it. You have to be there early, mind you, and queue." Ernest brought the word out like an amazing political bombshell.

They drank their beer in silence, contemplating the chaos of a world where men queued for women's shoes.



"We were obliged to increase our estimate somewhat to cover an unforeseen item."

and all the fairy godmothers and Prince Charmings in the world couldn't produce a glass slipper.

However, fear of losing Hermione was a spur that got them up at seven and landed them in the shoe queue by eight-thirty sharp. At twelve they met and compared notes, and this state of affairs persisted indefinitely.

Ernest got to know quite a number of girls as they found themselves in the same queues. He learned the best days to shop and the kind of shoes girls liked best.

One day Ernest found size five and a half, but they were black, and before he could decide a girl snatched them out of his hand and bought them.

Hermione was getting downhearted, and as there weren't any more letters to answer and the ex-sticker had finished his story of the Russian convoys, she threatened to go home.

In order to keep her amused while Ernest queued Vincent took her to the zoo, and on the way back they were seen by Penelope. Penelope rang up Ernest and asked him what was happening, and who the girl was. Ernest, who was tired and annoyed with Vincent for taking Hermione to the zoo, said she had the loveliest feet in London and Vincent had an eye for a good foot—which he felt would do Penelope good.

Vincent said he had some shoes taped and he didn't seem to bother about queuing any more, and Ernest got really worried.

He was getting desperate when he went into a shop to buy a squash

racquet and noticed a lot of women coming downstairs with shoe-like parcels. He forgot about the racquet and dashed up the stairs, brushing past negligees, until he found himself surrounded by women waving shoes and rows of women trying on shoes. But there was nothing but red and green shoes in sixes and fours. He spoke to the shop girl and she said sharply, "Haven't any brown left except what you see."

Just at that moment Ernest did see—a woman trying on a brown pair. And round her panted four women waiting like eagles for the kill. He took a deep breath and slipped his hat on to a shoe rack and with a charming smile knelt in front of the woman and the brown shoes.

"Now, let me see, what size did you want, madam?" He fingered the shoes. It couldn't be true. He looked again. It was true. The shoes were size sixes, but experience had taught him the markings meant small sixes, which were practically identical with five and a half.

"What size did you say, madam?" "I take a four," the woman said sourly, "but this is the color I want. They'll fit with soles and a few heel pads."

Ernest put on his smile that had made other solicitors' offices barren before the war, and explained the horrors of deformed feet through wearing shoes that were too large or too small—and how he would find her just the right size and he could promise her that even if they were green they could be dyed the brown of her eyes without any trouble. Ernest's purring acted like an anaesthetic.

Clutching the brown shoes firmly, he dodged quickly behind some boxes. From this cover he bought the brown shoes. His customers were coming to life and he made gestures, soothing and assuring, that could mean, "one moment, please," while he collected his hat and slipped quickly down the stairs.

In the street he got a taxi. He felt as satisfied as though he had concluded a world peace treaty single-handed. He would take Hermione out to dinner to celebrate. He thought of her face as she undid the parcel.

He scored the lift and dashed up the stairs two at a time. He got to the office door just as Vincent emerged from the lift.

"I've got them!" Vincent whispered, waving a package all too familiar in shape.

"So've I!" Ernest reached the door and Vincent jammed himself against it. They faced each other furiously, their shoulders pressed against the door.

Ernest turned the handle and the door flew open. They both staggered in. Hermione was sitting drinking tea and looking bored, and perched on Vincent's desk also drinking tea was Penelope, her eyes malicious. "Hello, my heroes," she greeted them. "Been shopping?"

"Ye-es," Vincent stammered. Hermione was smiling, too, deliciously. Her eyes flashed to the parcels, then she turned away. Ernest's brain worked faster than Vincent's. The prize could still be won. He felt almost sorry for Vincent.

"Vincent has a surprise for you," Hermione heard him say to Penelope. Penelope's eyes were fixed on Vincent's parcel.

"Darling, what have you been buying?" Penelope's hands stretched towards Vincent and like a magnet drew the parcel from him. Vincent offered no resistance. Penelope opened the parcel. Her eyes were big and wide open. Vincent had no strength left. Penelope had made her decision.

"Oh, darling!" she said and went straight into his arms.

Ernest turned to Hermione. "Come on. You know quite well what I've got for you. But my presents have to be sprinkled with sherry before I give them away—it's an old family custom that bestows happiness on the receiver." He took Hermione's arm firmly and led her out of the office.

Hermione didn't say, "Oh, darling!" but she did open her eyes very wide.

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"ELAYNE"

Smart Suit in Warm Winter-weight Cloth



This practical suit is obtainable in a warm, winter-weight cloth in shades of new fawn, subdued rose, and nigger-brown.

The material chosen is ideal for this season, and is very suitable for this type of suit.

It features a nipped-in waist and flared peplum.

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712

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Clearly traced on an excellent quality flannelette in pastel shades of pink, blue, and white, the pattern for this dainty nightgown and matching matinee jacket is ready for you to cut out, stitch together, and embroider.

Size, infants. Nightgown only, 5/6 (3 coupons), postage 51d. extra; jacket only, 2/3 (1 coupon), postage 51d. extra; two-piece set, 7/5 (4 coupons), postage, 51d. extra.

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713

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Whole family should be co-operative

THE health and happiness of many households would be increased if mothers ceased to regard themselves as slaves to their families, and instead trained them from infancy to regard the home as a place where parents and children contribute to the general well-being.

Admittedly conscientious parents must make some sacrifices to observe the routine necessary to their children's welfare; but children should learn to co-operate. By developing independence and helpfulness they show their parents leisure to which they are entitled.

Children taught to consider others and accept responsibility are better poised mentally and emotionally than the undisciplined.

To Patricia Napper, Kalorama, N.S.W.

Seaside homes

A SOLUTION to the housing problem would be for the Commonwealth Government to compel all owners of seaside cottages to let them temporarily to servicemen without a home.

If these men had not spent years of their lives fighting to defend Australia they would probably not be homeless.

They made their sacrifice, now it is the turn of the home-owners.

To Mrs. H. Danvers, 1 Locke St., New Farm, Qld.

Public pests

IT is an absurd practice pestering people prominent in public life for their autographs. Though most of them sign without demur the various books, often pushed rudely under their noses, it must be irritating for them. Ninety per cent. of the autographs are never preserved, but are simply obtained to satisfy the seeker's desire for reflected limelight.

To Mrs. M. Frew, 63 Dunrobin Ave., Roseville, N.S.W.

Unsightly DANDRUFF

— GONE IN A FEW DAYS!



You're not to be well-groomed, to look a really good job, and that unsightly dandruff on my shoulders certainly didn't help me!



Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and to make matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for Rexona Ointment.

This soon put my hair in excellent condition. And to know there wasn't any dandruff to spoil my appearance, gave me confidence. So thanks to Rexona I've a job any man could be proud of!

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR (10/6)
Rexona's SIX healing ingredients make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

What's on your mind?

Mufflers wanted

WITH constantly expanding air travel the shattering roar of low-flying planes over closely built areas is becoming more frequent and more objectionable. It is a punishable offence for a motor vehicle to travel along any road without a properly muffled exhaust, so surely airline operators can be induced to modify the present open exhaust on plane engines.

To Mrs. J. McCluskey, 35 Trafalgar St., Brighton-le-Sands, N.S.W.

Taking it easy

WHAT a boom it would be to their clients if more hairdressers used chairs which tip back similar to those in dentists' rooms.

In this type of chair the hair is washed from behind while the customer lies back with her neck on a rest provided. The wet hair is kept well away from the face, and it is more convenient for the hair-



dresser. Why should women emerge from a shampoo looking like wet hens, with every vestige of make-up washed off, when it is not necessary?

To Miss D. B. Douglas, Oakleigh, Morven, Qld.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Eye-appeal

IT is a mistake to object to the use of artificial coloring in cooking, as it enhances many dishes. There is no logical objection to it as long as it is harmless to the health, and from the artistic standpoint food no less than dress should make a strong appeal to the eye. "Garnishing is the endowing of food with good looks."

To Miss E. Edmonds, Strath-albyn, S.A.

Waste of paper

DURING elections many pamphlets campaigning for various parties are thrown over fences or put in letter-boxes. Surely this is unnecessary, as people will by this time have formed their opinions and are not likely to be influenced by these papers. The paper and manpower used to print them could be used for some more useful purpose.

To J. Storrie, Shine St., One Mile Estate, Ipswich, Qld.

A mother's thanks

YESTERDAY, for the first time, I ventured into the city with my babe in a pushcart. I was pleasantly surprised and gratified at the courteous and willing help of the conductor.

In a world we are coming to regard as anti-baby such service is a balm to a mother's heart.

Let there be more of this consideration and perhaps Australia will not cry in vain for increased population. As long as we read such notices as "Flats to let—no children," there is no encouragement to have a family.

To Mrs. J. Ewan, 2a Rowe St., Rushall, Vic.

Confusing

WITH regard to the suggestion made by Mrs. Elam (30/3/46), some teachers would prefer mothers not to teach children before they start school.

Frequently a mother teaches a child names of letters and how to write them, whereas the majority of schools now get children first to sound the letters and print each one, so confusion results.

To Mrs. H. Pike, Beale St., Beac, Vic.

Added interest

OUR coins could be made more interesting by imprinting on them people famous in Australian history and outstanding or historic Australian buildings, also native animals.

To J. Klein, Guilford, N.S.W.

SCRAPHEAP—
HERE I COME!
NO POT OR PAN CAN
STAND UP TO SCRATCHY
CLEANSERS THAT SCRAPE
THINGS CLEAN



Clean
Smoothly with
VIM
—NEVER SCRATCHES

YOU CAN'T GET QUALITY
LIKE MINE TODAY, YET I'M
GOOD AS EVER. THAT'S
SMOOTH-CLEANING WITH
VIM'S FINE SOAP-COATED
PARTICLES!



Vm. 4.32

Bob Hope's bazaar is big success

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

An auction sale of goods ranging from live goats to dolls given by Margaret O'Brien from her own collection was a feature of a bazaar held by Bob Hope in his garden. It was to aid destitute European children and 25,000 dollars was raised.

Margaret watched anxiously while Bob auctioned her dolls to the highest bidder.

ONE tiny girl burst into tears as the doll she specially wanted went to someone else; but Margaret comforted the unknown youngster by promising to send her another from home.

Best sight of the day was Bing Crosby struggling home from the bazaar with four dogs on a leash. He bought a dog for each of his sons.

I glimpsed Lana Turner there with the young attorney, Greg Bautzer, who was formerly her constant escort before Lana wed Steve Crane.

I noticed Joe E. Brown carrying an enormous stuffed rabbit under his arm for some lucky youngster.

Surprise sight was burly Pat O'Brien selling baby clothes and accessories in pink and blue. Pat did a roaring trade, and admitted he was substituting for his wife, Eloise, who was in bed with a cold. The O'Briens are expecting a baby shortly.

DICK POWELL took his bride, June Allyson, for a ride in his new plane called "Eroupe." It is a two-seater enclosed model.

Edgar Bergen's wife was so taken with Dick's plane that she persuaded Edgar to turn in their open-air plane for an enclosed model. "Now my hair won't blow all over," said Frances.

PAULETTE GODDARD gets the role of an English girl in Cecil De Mille's epic, titled "Unconquered." The film is about the early colonial life in America.

DOROTHY LAMOUR took her baby son, John Ridgely Howard, to Baltimore for his christening. Dorothy flew with the baby and her husband, Ross Howard. The baby is the first Howard in three generations to be born outside the State of Maryland, and has a tribe of socially prominent relatives awaiting the christening.

DINAH SHORE had an embarrassing experience losing her voice in the middle of a radio programme. Bing Crosby who was waiting to go on next with his show, volunteered to sing Dinah's numbers, but found they were in the wrong key, so a violinist was hastily shuffled before the microphone.

IRENE DUNNE becomes a member of a redheaded family, via Westmore's hair dye. The family includes William Powell and four children who are all playing in the technicolor film, "Life With Father." Irene says, "Pero Westmore dyed us all to resemble a family and told us to keep out of the swimming pool or our hair will turn green from the chemicals in the water." Irene plans a dreamy holiday round the world with her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, next year.

JIMMY STEWART is becoming gaunt by the minute as he whirls Donna Reed through intricate jitterbug rehearsing for Metro's "It's a Wonderful Life."

GINGER ROGERS and Jack Briggs gave an informal party for the unveiling of a new portrait of Ginger.

It'll open your eyes

when you find
out what
tests have proved



Pepsodent with Irium
makes teeth far brighter

SEE if you don't find new brightness in your teeth... new sparkle in your smile this easy way! Tests prove in just one week Pepsodent with Irium makes teeth far brighter. You see, Pepsodent—and only Pepsodent—contains Irium, the exclusive, patented cleansing ingredient. And Pepsodent with Irium removes the dingy film... floats it away quickly, easily, safely. In a moment your teeth feel cleaner... in just one week they look far brighter.



For the safety of your smile—use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Pt. 2.20

Dogs, cats, gorgeous gowns in "Bedelia"

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

A pet show combined with a mannequin parade in an ultra-modern setting with plastic and perspex furnishings is how Ealing Studios looked to me during the shooting of "Bedelia."

Enlisted as extras were an Alsatian, a French poodle, a rare Maltese white terrier, a French bulldog, an Irish terrier, a Pekingese whose pedigree reads like a Chinese laundry list, and an African parrot who really knows how to swear.

STANDING aloof from this menagerie of animal bit players and starring with Margaret Lockwood and Ian Hunter was a Siamese cat—all dignity till her mother had to act as her stand-in while she disappeared to have a family.

Adding to the already bewildering scene was a squad of suspicious Scotland Yard men, who were chaperoning £180,000 worth of Hutton

Garden jewels, loaned for a jewel shop scene.

"Bedelia" will be a shop window for English fashion, with gorgeous gowns worn by lovely girls, headed by Margaret Lockwood, Anne Crawford, and Jill Emond.

Margaret, looking more glamorous than ever with a new make-up technique, wears 16 different gowns and frocks, all designed by Jacquar, except a Raphael housegown.

A scout found this adorning in miniature one of those charming little Paris fashion figurines recently exhibited in England.

This film is shortly to emerge from Ealing's cutting-room, and is designed to show Hollywood just what a British studio can do with an American story, without altering it beyond recognition.

"Bedelia" is Britain's rival for "Laura," written by the same best-selling American writer, Vera Caspary. It will become known as "the film with two endings."

Producer John Cerfield had to film two versions of what happened to murderess Bedelia, Margaret Lockwood, when they uncovered her career of murdering her past husbands after insuring them heavily.

She commits suicide to escape justice, but since America would not be allowed to see a criminal get off so easily a special finish has been filmed for the States, showing her giving herself up to the law.

Australia will see the suicide ending which tallies with the novel.

Thanks to couponing, none of the big money Margaret Lockwood is earning as Britain's first lady of the screen can buy Bedelia's lovely dresses, and she casts regretful looks at them as she changes in a little tent off the set and climbs into her old sweater and slacks.

Margaret was so impressed with the film script that in the final scenes, where her past is discovered and she is called upon to sob, they waved aside her make-up attendant hurrying to dab up her cheeks with the usual glycerine "tears."

She was so wrapped up in her part that she was really crying.



RETURNED to film making after six years with the Royal Navy, Ian Hunter plays opposite Margaret Lockwood in "Bedelia."

Film Reviews

★ ISLE OF THE DEAD

HORROR film fans will have a grand time shuddering through the screening of RKO's tasty little number starring Boris Karloff.

Action is slow as the story develops its theme about a group of people on an island off the coast of Greece, where a plague outbreak and a couple of murders reduce the group to two.

Karloff as a Greek general who tries to keep the plague from reaching his troops is in somewhat lethargic mood. Helen Thimig is a sinister peasant woman, and Ellen Drew a robust nurse who finds romance with Marc Cramer. Atmospheric backgrounds are well handled. —Civic; showing.

★ A GAME OF DEATH

THE possibility that a big game hunter may develop a nasty tendency to kill humans instead of wild animals is suggested in this fair RKO thriller. Star is John Loder, who has a strenuous time attempting to rescue various people from the murderous intentions of game hunter Edgar Barrier. Action takes place on an island to which the maniac lures his victims and then polishes them off with bow and arrow.

Audrey Long is one of the harassed guests, and Russell Wade her brother. —Civic; showing.



INTERESTED in remarks of Myrna Loy, co-starred with Don Ameche in Universal's "So Goes My Love," are Bruce Manning, co-producer of the picture, Don Ameche, and Frank Ryan, director.



RELAXING BETWEEN SHOTS. Margaret Lockwood talks with director Lance Comfort (right) and Harry K. Barnes. Margaret is quite comfortable in a gay summer frock, although outside the studio snow is whirling down on one of Britain's coldest days.

Britain faces strenuous fight in film world

By cable from our London correspondent

ARTHUR RANK'S film empire will soon be in a state of siege, as many Hollywood producers plan to build studios in England

The biggest news is that Ingrid Bergman is coming to Britain to make the film "Under Capricorn" for the newly formed Transatlantic Picture Corporation, with crack director Alfred Hitchcock.

Madeleine Carroll, who arrived in London recently after repeatedly turning down Hollywood offers, will also make a picture with the new company.

A GIANT mural depicting Australian cattle coming down to drink at a river will soon greet visitors in the foyer of Australia House, London. It is a scene from "The Overlanders" presented to the Australian Government by Ealing.

ACADEMY Award winner Ray Milland is coming back to England this week to make a picture for Paramount.

ONE of the greetings thrust in the hands of film executives who were called from all parts of the world for the much-publicised Rank Film Convention, as they strolled down Wardour Street, was a slip of paper marked "Strike."

It was a note from the film despatch workers, who informed them that while publicity men boosted stars' dizzy salaries, they wanted more than three pounds two and sixpence sterling weekly.

WHAT happened to the uproariously funny fat boy of "Our Gang" of silent days?

This week came the answer. Now a handsome young man full of personality, Gil Johnson is singing and dancing in the new variety show at the London Palladium after being spotted on Broadway.

THERE is talent in the Waters family. Best known are Elsie and Doris ("Clet and Daisy" of radio and record fame). Now brother Jack has made a screen hit in his own right with his performance in Ealing's latest, "The Captive Heart." Jack changed his name to "Warner" to avoid cashing in on his sisters' fame, after he graduated from a car salesman's job to comic yarn spinning on the B.B.C.

FOR five years June Elvin has kept a vow which she made when she left her Brighton home when 16 years old, that she would never return till she was a successful actress.

Some film producers told her politely, "Not yet." Some told her impolitely, "Never." Repertory gave her only walk-on parts. But smart Ealing producer Michael Balcon finally heard about her and produced a three-year contract and starred her in his current picture, "Hue and Cry." Now this long-haired, dreamy blonde, who has outgrown her tomboy reputation, can go home again.

FILM stars are no longer zoo exhibits for distinguished visitors to stare at while they make movie love to one another. Gainsborough closed the floor of "The Root of all Evil" while John McCallum went through difficult love scenes with Phyllis Calvert.

New Version Soon of "Little Women"

FROM Hollywood comes the news that David Selznick plans a new film of the famous "Little Women," with Jennifer Jones as Jo. Shirley Temple probably will be Beth, and the parts of Meg and Amy have not been chosen. Gregory Peck may be Laurie.

In the previous production of Louisa Alcott's novel, Katharine Hepburn was Jo, and Jean Parker was Beth.

STAGE and screen comedienne Beatrice Lillie is almost as well known for her wit off stage and set. She came back to England from New York to find a pigeon strutting and cooing on her window-sill. "Hullo, pigeon," wisecracked Beatrice. "Any messages?"

DON'T say there is no sentiment in film-making. Making his debut in "Piccadilly Incident" is a marriage registrar J.P. Mr. Bond, who has tied the knot for forty thousand couples at Caxton Hall. This week he joined Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding in film wedlock before the camera. Producer Herbert Wilcox chose him because three years ago he and Anna Neagle received his blessing. They are the film world's most devoted couple.

RUMORS have it that Laurence Olivier is starting his own production company. Olivier's magnificent Shakespearean performances at London's classic Old Vic Theatre have drawn this comment from a writer: "If he stays there much longer, the Old Vic will become the Laurence Olivier and eventually someone will have to start the Old Vic over again."

FILM star John Laurie, who is starring in "Two Cities" "The Secret," will read poetry to Queen Mary. This is his favorite hobby, and London's highbrow Society of Authors, numbering several famous contemporary poets, asked him to take part in a recital of poetry which Her Majesty will attend.

AFTER his latest film, "George in Civvy Street," is premiered in London, neutral Swedes will soon hear the broad Lancashire accent, the plunking banjo, and see the grin of George Formby, who will appear among them on a concert tour. They may not understand what George is singing about, but they like him in Sweden.



• **VERONICA LAKE**, natural blonde, who weighs little more than seven stone, is surprisingly expert at energetic sport such as ski-ing, hunting, and swimming. With her husband, Andre de Toth, she hopes to produce her own films.


Glamor star wants Western roles

TINY, blonde, fragile-looking Veronica Lake would like to play in a rip-roaring Western film.

Somehow or other she has missed the epics of the wide open spaces during her film career, though she has been cast in most other types of pictures from heavy drama to frothy musicals.

Her latest role is in Paramount's musical "Out of This World," in which she plays a fast-talking capable Press agent, and co-stars with Eddie Bracken and Diana Lynn.

Still in her early twenties, Veronica was nineteen before she ever saw the inside of a Hollywood studio.

Her original intention was to become a woman physician, and she attended McGill University for two years until the illness of her father made it necessary for her to do some work to help the family income. 

A film test resulted in a contract and the first big break of her career in "I Wanted Wings."

Astute publicity cashed in on her unusual way of doing her hair, and an exaggerated version of it brought the style the title of "Sheepdog" hair-do, which was copied by thousands of envious but considerably less successful young women.

Married for some years to art director John Detlie, she had a daughter Elaine, and then a prematurely born son who died. After a divorce from Detlie, Veronica married Hungarian director Andre de Toth, and they have a son Michael, born last November.


Since her second marriage Veronica has developed a talent for choosing sophisticated glamor clothes, and she says frankly that she is going to be one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood in 1946 or know the reason why.

New actor is popular

EVER since the days of Garbo and Chevalier most Continental movie players have been regarded as socially aloof.

Charles Korvin, handsome Hungarian, is upsetting this opinion. He likes people and spends most of his noon lunch hour at Universal's studio cafe table-hopping for talks with his many acquaintances.


He and his actress wife Lena are very popular in the movie colony.

 Six feet tall, with dark hair, hazel eyes, and a chin more deeply cleft than even that of Cary Grant, Korvin has been likened to Charles Boyer with a suggestion of Cary Grant and Spencer Tracy.

Since travelling extensively in Europe, Korvin, who is known to his friends by his real name of Gesa, can speak fluently in Hungarian, German, French, Spanish, and English.

At one period of his career he was a news photographer during the siege of Madrid in the Spanish Civil War.

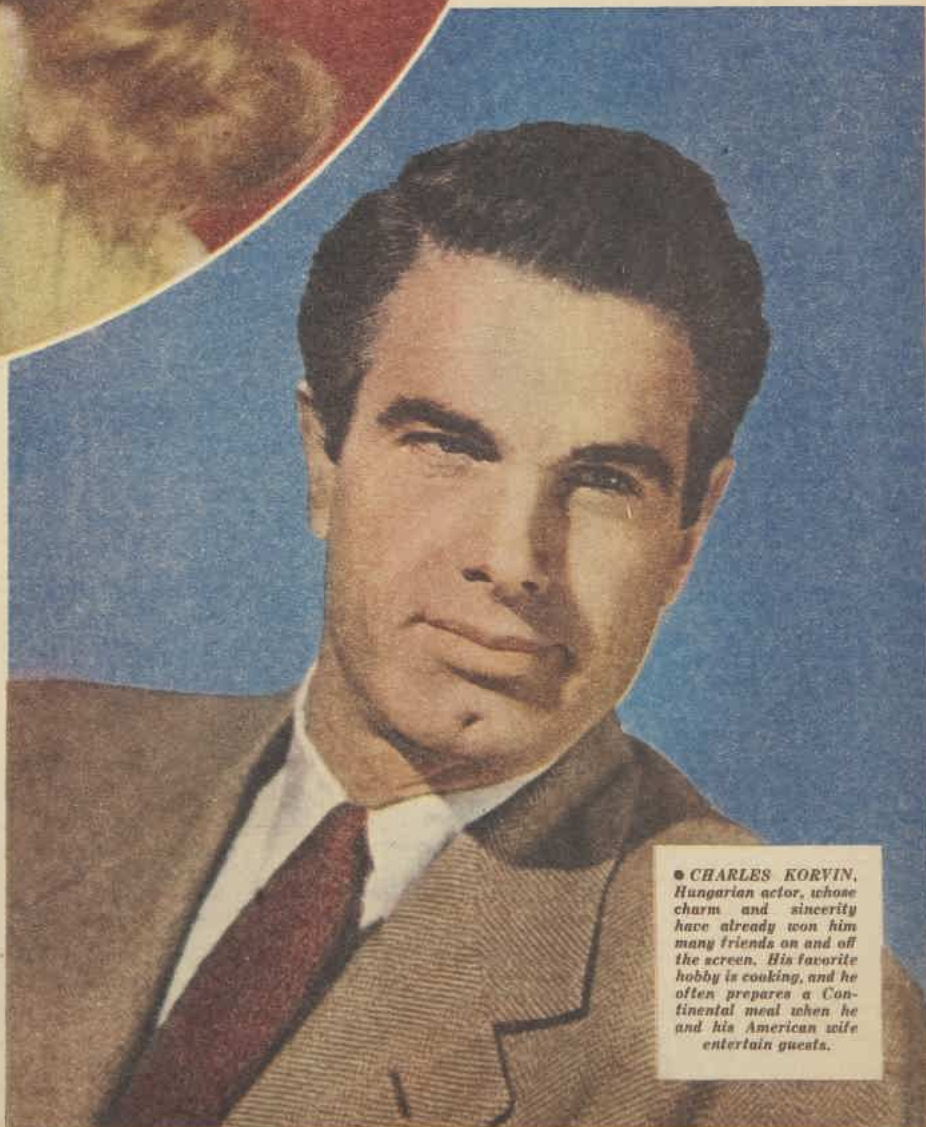
His work in America began with a stage stock company, whence he graduated into a Broadway stage production, "Dark Eyes."

The long run of this show led to a film contract with Universal and also to his meeting with his wife, who was a voluntary worker at the New York Stage Door Canteen for servicemen, when Korvin also was working as voluntary driver of the van which collected food for the canteen. 

They were married in 1944.

After the screening of his first film, "Enter Arsene Lupin," hundreds of letters poured into the studio requesting future pictures, but Universal decided to wait until a suitable story was available.

This was "This Love of Ours," the drama in which he co-starred with Merle Oberon.



• **CHARLES KORVIN**, Hungarian actor, whose charm and sincerity have already won him many friends on and off the screen. His favorite hobby is cooking, and he often prepares a Continental meal when he and his American wife entertain guests.

THIS YEAR...



if ever

it was necessary to save carefully and to spend wisely, it is now. We are all planning for the future. To carry out those plans means expenditure of money and that money must first be accumulated.

True Thrift is not only the accumulation of money—it is just as much a matter of careful, useful spending, but obviously the saving must come first.

Open a Commonwealth Savings Account and use it faithfully. It costs nothing, but will help you to help yourself.

COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK OF AUSTRALIA

There's a Branch or Agency in YOUR District

"START SMILING, SON

—we'll chase that COLD
the pleasant way!"



This simple treatment works
INSIDE and OUTSIDE for quick relief

HELP your youngster shake off the miseries of a cold faster, with the treatment children like. Good old Vicks VapoRub!

Nothing to swallow—just rub VapoRub on throat, chest and back at bedtime. Instantly, it starts working inside and outside for quicker comfort!

OUTSIDE, VapoRub works on the skin like a warming poultice, relieving congestion and muscular tightness of

chest and back. And at the same time...

INSIDE, medicinal vapours released from VapoRub by body warmth are breathed into the air-passages... easing nasal stuffiness, soothing sore throat, making breathing clearer, calming coughing.

This double action brings relief fast, and continues long after your child is comfortably asleep. Often by morning the worst miseries of the cold are gone.

A WORLD STAND-BY
**VICKS
VAPORUB**

OVER 30 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

Laughton stars as Captain Kidd



1 TOUGH SAILOR Captain Kidd (Laughton) finds stranger Adam Mercy (Scott) in crew when he sails to collect treasure.



2 WITH RASCALLY CREW, Kidd inspects treasure and plans to kill enemies who might stop him winning fame in England.



3 ABOARD Kidd's galleon is prisoner Lady Anne Falconer (Britton), who discovers Mercy is Earl's son.



4 SCHEMING KIDD, anxious to get rid of Mercy, entertains Lady Anne and encourages villainous Lorenzo (Roland) to make love to her. In a subsequent duel Mercy kills Lorenzo, so Kidd determines to have Mercy murdered.



5 WITH AID of Kidd's servant, Shadwell (Owen), Mercy and Lady Anne escape to an island, and Kidd returns to England with booty.

Story of adventures of famous pirate

BACK to the type of role which first brought him film fame, Charles Laughton stars as the swashbuckling pirate, Captain Kidd, for United Artists. Laughton is the greedy, ruthless sailor whose ambitions to become a member of the nobility bring him to the gallows. In the supporting cast are Barbara Britton, Randolph Scott, and Gilbert Roland.



6 AT KING WILLIAM'S COURT, Kidd expects to receive honors as destroyer of King's enemies, but Anne and Mercy appear and expose him as unscrupulous villain who has stolen treasure chest.

THE CONFIDENCE OF
Perfect Health



Assured By Taking
BILE BEANS
At Bedtime

DomineX
REGD.
Coats

THE CHOICE OF
EVERY WELL
DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES

New
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses and men's shirts.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
4. A pure white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove ARRID is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

Arrid is the largest
selling deodorant

As all chemists and stores
selling toilet goods.
Distributors: Foxmatt & Johnson Ltd., Sydney

2/- jar **ARRID**

Curses! Foiled Again!



LADY, I HAD A BEAD ON THAT LAD FOR YOU! AND I'D HAVE GOT HIM TOO...IF YOU HADN'T SPOILED MY AIM!

WHO SPOILED WHOSE AIM? FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN, YOU COULDN'T HIT THE SIDE OF A HOUSE!



I SHOULD THINK YOU'D BE ASHAMED! ALL THAT FANCY MANOEUVERING OF YOURS...AND NOT A SINGLE HIT TO SHOW FOR IT!

HOW CAN I CHALK UP A HIT WHEN I'M UP AGAINST BAD BREATH? TELL YOU WHAT, LADY, YOU MARCH YOURSELF OFF TO YOUR DENTIST'S...AND THEN WATCH ME SCORE!

HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S **INSTANTLY** STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"HERE'S WHY: COLGATE DENTAL CREAM HAS AN ACTIVE **PENETRATING** FOAM THAT GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH...HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES...STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS...REMOVE THE **CAUSE** OF MUCH BAD BREATH, AND COLGATE'S SOFT **POLISHING** AGENT CLEANS ENAMEL THOROUGHLY, GENTLY, SAFELY!"

COLGATE'S BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOR!

LATER - THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM



DIDN'T I TELL YOU, LADY? GOT HIM THAT TIME ALL RIGHT!



Play Safe!

TWICE A DAY AND BEFORE EVERY DATE USE **COLGATE DENTAL CREAM**



LARGE **1 1/3** SIZE
GIANT **2 1/2** SIZE
twice as much as 1 1/3 size

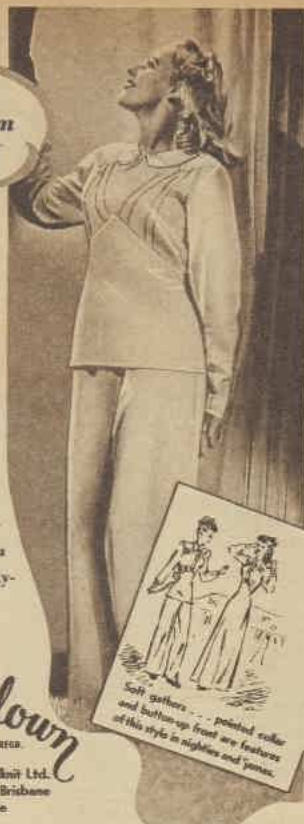
It cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth

**BASK IN
soft, warm
LUXURY**

You can almost feel the glow of sunshine when "Snug-l-down" gently hugs your curves. Luxuriously warm, yet wispy-light—"Snug-l-down" is created from art-silk (dreamy pink and snow-white)—brushed to cuddle you on its inside—and silky-sleek on the outside.

Snug-l-down
area.

Product of Australia Silknet Ltd.
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**Become a successful
highly-paid
PHOTOGRAPHIC
MODEL,
HOSTESS OR
MOVIE STAR**

THERE are many lovely girls in Australia today who could become successful highly-paid mannequins, models, popular hostesses, or movie actresses, if they only knew how.

To assist these girls in this marvellous profession Susanne has opened her Sydney Salon to teach, instruct and cultivate in the arts of figure perfection, carriage, inspired styling, make-up, hair-do, clothes, voice and poise.

Models who qualify are offered definite positions in this glamorous world of the arts.

Susanne's personalised methods can make "a more lovely you" even though at present you may feel you're an uninteresting type. That's what you want, isn't it? Then call, write or phone for a first appointment.

Special classes for young ladies just leaving school.

A Susanne Home "Success" course for those who cannot attend personal classes is now being prepared.

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BOVRIL FOR ENERGY

You can't beat a cup of hot stimulating Bovril for putting new cheer and energy into you. Bovril builds strength, and helps good digestion. It tastes so good, too. Drink a cup between meals, as an invigorating pick-me-up. Serve it before meals to encourage appetite and get the best out of other food.

**There is
only one
BOVRIL**



CONTROLLING a combination skin is very simple provided you know the right way to go about it. An efficient cleansing cream should be applied each day, as is shown above, to the forehead-to-chin area and let remain there for at least one hour.

Dual skin control

● So many women are heard to say, "My skin is so dry," or "My skin is so oily," without understanding that their skin may be a combination of both.

By CAROLYN EARLE

QUITE a high percentage of skins have an oily area right down the centre of the face, forehead to chin, and it may be found that that area is more prone to lumps and bumps, blackheads, and spots.

The reason is simple. Every little skin cell is constantly throwing off oil and moisture, but under that particularly oily area of your face the sebaceous glands are especially active and any abnormal condition will show there first.

It is an interesting fact that oiliness round the nose, chin, and forehead is not a true oily condition, but is caused by abnormal functioning of the oil glands—due usually to an internal acid condition.

Inasmuch as it will be found that the skin around the eyes, the back of the cheeks, and the neck is

either dry or normal on a combination skin, the entire face is treated as though those conditions prevailed over the entire surface, and no oiliness was present.

The treatment is this: Thorough washing morning and night, directed particularly over the forehead-to-chin area. Day routine, skin cleanser and foundation cream or tissue cream, depending upon whether the skin is oily and normal or oily and dry. After the night-time washing, use a skin cleanser followed by a good skin food.

Allow the skin cleanser to remain on the skin at least one hour every day until the condition is corrected.

And your diet is of greatest importance. Eat plenty of vegetables that grow above the ground, fresh fruits, canned, or dried fruits without sugar, lean beef, or lamb or fowl that has been boiled, broiled, or baked.

Drink milk and plenty of water.

Know what your cosmetics do for you

I HAVE been astonished to discover that, among women who have for years been buying expensive creams and lotions and using them regularly, there is comparatively little logical reasoning behind the purchase of certain cosmetics in preference to others equally attractive in appearance.

Because your dearest friend becomes lyrical about a new cream doesn't become so enthusiastic as to dash into the nearest store and buy it, too, without inquiring what the properties are and whether it will be suitable for you.

You will find it well worth while to acquire some general knowledge of the effect of your cosmetics—it will save you time and money and perhaps an upset skin.

In this article we have mentioned four creams; let us take them in the order mentioned. This is what they do for you:

Skin Cleanser: This cream has a laxative effect on the pores of the skin. It returns to the surface within a few seconds from the time

you cease applying it, penetrating the pores and flushing dirt to the skin surface. Due to the low melting point it is impossible for the cream to solidify in the pores.

Foundation Cream: Is an astringent cream that contracts the pores without having any effect on the oil content of the skin. It has protective qualities—even the ultra-violet rays of the sun cannot penetrate through it—and it has, of course, the added advantage of hiding blemishes.

Tissue Cream: This cream supplies much-needed lubrication to dry and scaly skins, and in conjunction with massage increases circulation. Its advantage over a foundation cream with astringent qualities for dry skin is obvious.

Skin Food: Replaces in the skin the natural oils that have been taken away by exposure; it rebuilds depleted fatty tissue. It is highly concentrated and penetrative, and does not require manipulation. It is a specific corrective for dry skin.



What fun is the moonlight—with only the man in the moon?

Don't be a girl man never ask out twice... never risk offending against daintiness... use MUM every day. Perspiration odour can start the moment one steps from the bath... a quick dab of MUM under each arm protects your charm all day or evening.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

**SCHUMANN'S
FIRST THING
EVERY MORNING!**



DISPELS URIC ACID
TONES UP THE LIVER
CLEANSES THE BLOOD STREAM
COMBATS ACIDITY

THE PRE-WAR SCHUMANN'S IS BACK AGAIN
Pre-war QUALITY. Pre-war EFFICIENCY
Enjoy again your morning glass of SCHUMANN'S, an crystal clear as the waters of the mineral springs, 1/4 and 2/4 at all chemists and stores.

Take SCHUMANN'S SALTS for...
CONSTIPATION
RHEUMATISM
LIVER DISORDERS
BILIOUSNESS
HEADACHES
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**SCHUMANN'S
MINERAL
SALTS**

SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 3/6 stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 771-8 Collins St., Melb., C.I. 1922.

WOMEN

CONFIDENTIALLY, there's no need to suffer those acute periodic pains and discomforts. Women who know just take a simple Midene tablet in your hand and avoid being a misery to themselves and to others.
Price, 2/6. box, sufficient for several months.

MIDENE



THE CUPBOARD shown in the picture above has been made large enough to give good hanging and storage space for two people. Through the open door can be seen an arrangement of shelves and hanging space for suits for the man of the house.



IN THIS PICTURE see what can be done in the home toolhouse to produce simple but adequate furniture for a small bedroom. Above is shown the dressing-table and one of the two bedside cupboards and bookshelves. Note simplicity of design and construction.



THE WORKING DESK, shown above, is an important item of the home-room. Every piece of furniture was designed at this desk by the enthusiastic and enterprising young homemakers. The drawing board, when not in use, drops to the back, thus leaving the desk-top clear for other purposes. Ample storage space is given for sewing-machine, radio, magazines, and needles in the two cupboards.

IT RIGHT is the ground-floor plan of flat showing position of the furniture in bedroom, living-room, and kitchen.

The Australian Women's Weekly—May 4, 1946



UNDER the kitchen work-table a shallow drawer has been made to save steps and time from the washing-up sink to the resting place of the cutlery. Silver and china are neatly stacked on shelves.

THEY MADE THEIR OWN FURNITURE...

● Here are more pictures of the home-made furniture, also a ground-floor plan and furnishing costs of the simple but charming flat featured last week

By NORA S. McDOUGALL

Graduate in Interior Decoration, New York; Lecturer in Home Decoration to the Australian Army Education Service.

IN my article last week I told you about a returned soldier and his wife who decided to make their own furniture for the small flat they were lucky enough to secure.

The pictures on this page give you a very good idea of the furniture design—may serve as a guide to other young couples setting up home. The young soldier had never before done any carpentering; his wife had never attempted the making of a curtain or bedcover, so the outcome is all the more creditable.

The furniture, throughout the flat, was made of oregon pine cut in uniform sizes and left in its natural color of pinky-beige, without stain or varnish. Each piece was screwed together, so that when a removal to another locality is necessary the screws can be taken out and the wood tied together in their respective groups for easy handling by carters.

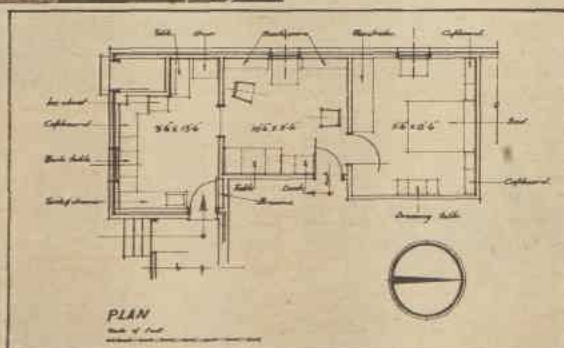
At the foot of this page is given the ground-floor plan of the flat, showing position of furniture; and here follow costs of furnishing the living-room, bedroom, and kitchen.

The timber for the furniture was bought and cut to specification, so that the gross amount is given and roughly divided into thirds for each room.

LIVING-ROOM	
Chairs, 2 at £4/15/- (new) ..	9 10 0
Card table (second-hand) ..	1 0 0
Sisal ..	10 11
Curtain material at 18/9 yd. ..	2 16 3
Blind (imitation venetian) ..	5 6
Curtain rod (extending) ..	3 11
Felt and underfelt ..	17 0 0
Timber ..	9 13 4
Total ..	41 6 11

BEDROOM	
Mirror (second-hand) ..	15 0
Mattress platform (new) ..	2 10 0
Mattress (not new) ..	7 0 0
Curtain material at 6/11 yd. ..	1 3 9
Bedspread material at 4/11 yd. ..	2 10 0
Curtain rod ..	7 3
Blind (imitation venetian) ..	4 6
Chrome towel rail ..	13 0
Brass curtain rod for clothes cupboard ..	1 3
Felt and underfelt ..	19 0 0
Timber ..	10 2 0
Total ..	45 10 3

KITCHEN	
Blind (imitation venetian) ..	4 6
Curtain material at 4/11 yd. ..	18 0
Ice Chest ..	12 7 6
Table (second-hand) ..	12 6
Stools (3) ..	1 17 10
Paint ..	5 0 0
Curtain rod ..	7 3
Lins ..	3 2 3
Cupboard handles ..	2 0
Timber ..	9 13 4
Total ..	51 10 8



PLAN

Scale of Feet

Make your hands lovely with Cutex

The polish that wears, gleams, and is easiest to apply—and select the shades that are right for you.



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The outstanding feature of Western Electric's New Model 83 is "FULL COLOUR" Hearing ... which is simply the ability to hear the full frequency range of sound.

The secret of this important advance in hearing-aid technique is the wider frequency band and stabilized feed-back circuit perfected by the research laboratories of the Bell Telephone Co.

Test Model 83 for yourself without obligation. Country residents please write, our representative will visit nearest town.

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PERTH—Commercial Bank Chambers, 229-241 Queen Street .. B 2983
ADELAIDE—Chamber of Manufactures Building, 12-14 Flinders Street .. Cent. 6819
PERTH—Messrs. Kinsmen and Kinsmen, 433 Hay Street .. Phone B 1226
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PAIN you can't "explain"

Blessed New Relief for Girls who Suffer Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along ... and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry ... why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief, but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.

★ The secret is Myzone's amazing *Arterin* (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

Asthma, Bronchitis Coughing Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no stomachics. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meal, and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

NO ASTHMA IN 2 YEARS

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing, but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had had 4000+ suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco, just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . . 6/- and 12/-



ECONOMY MEAT LOAF

a Pyrecipe for Chilly Winter Evenings or Torrid Summer Nights

Another "Pyrextra special" for the family which likes good cooking! The method is given below. In reading it, remember that scores of other fascinating dishes can be cooked and served to perfection, without fuss or bother, and at low cost, if your kitchen is equipped with AGEE PYREX . . . the graceful, streamlined, durable ovenware that is tableware as well. In Agee Pyrex, food cooks better, tastes better, looks better.



The ingredients are shown at the top of this page. Right! Beat the egg and combine all the ingredients, mixing thoroughly.

Next — pack into a greased and crumbed Agee Pyrex dish and bake in a moderate (450 degrees F.) oven for 1 hour.

This makes eight servings — equally delicious whether eaten hot or cold. This Meat Loaf slices perfectly for sandwiches.



Agee **PYREX**

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.



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**Stop Disturbed
Nights**

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 million tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the kidneys, many people have disturbed nights. Frequent or poor kidney action means there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition, and lose valuable, restful sleep.

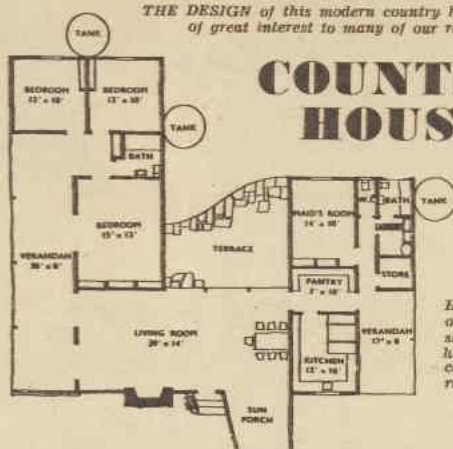
When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatism, joint pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Dean's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant, diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Dean's give happy relief and will help the 15 million of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean's Backache Kidney Pills.

OATINE
Beauty Creams for
Charm & Glamour



THE DESIGN of this modern country home will be of great interest to many of our readers.



COUNTRY HOUSE

HERE is a plan of this U-shaped country house, which is cleverly built round an open courtyard.

EXTENSIVE verandahs and large, inefficient kitchens, in the main, characterise the Australian country house.

The verandahs are used to shade the walls from the sun, but in doing this they render the rooms inside dark and gloomy.

In the future, however, insulation against heat, incorporated in the walls, may make shade verandahs unnecessary, except where they are included for their function as living space, thus providing the rooms with better lighting. The development of louvered windows to prevent sun penetration may then be necessary, especially in the warmer climates.

The kitchen really needs to be little larger than that in the town house, except in the case of a station property where the staff eats there. However, greater storage space for food-stuff is necessary, provided by a walk-in pantry.

The conventional country house, with all its rooms crowded together, is definitely obstructive to a free flow of air.

Therefore, to allow air to pass easily through the rooms, particularly in the hotter climates, the plan

is best stretched out to form narrow wings. Under these conditions good air movement in the roof is necessary.

The courtyard, round which the U-shaped house shown above is built, adjoins the living areas and provides good ventilation in warm climates. Here meals can be taken out-of-doors. It faces south to provide a shady spot, and is protected from prevailing winds.

The living-room has double doors which open on to a large verandah facing east.

A sunroom opens out to the north, with glass round three sides.

Floor area of the house is 2000 square feet, of which 440 square feet is verandah space.

Country costs vary according to transport distances, which, therefore, makes it difficult to arrive at an estimate. At 1939 costs the estimate would be approximately £1350 in weatherboard.

A delightful color scheme for the house is for the walls to be painted white and the roof of asbestos-cement sheets light green.

The plan of this very pleasant country house is taken from Walter Bunning's book, "Homes in the Sun," which is now on sale and may be had from leading bookstalls.

SEED SOWINGS FOR MAY

By OUR HOME GARDENER

THE following flower and vegetable seeds can be sown during May in Victoria, N.S.W., Queensland, and South Australia:

Flowers: Alyssum, eschscholtzia, annual chrysanthemum, clueraria, clarkia, cornflower, delphinium, helichrysum, bellis perennis, ageratum, geum, globe amaranth, godetia, hollyhocks, larkspurs, leptosyne, linaria, lobelia, nigella, lupinus, French marigolds, mignonette, nasturtium, mimulus, pansies, pentstemon, perennial pea, phlox, scabious, schizanthus, primula, ranunculus, salpiglossis, shasta daisies, shirley poppy, snapdragon, statice, stock, sweet peas, sweet william, verbena, viola, virginian stock, wallflower.

Vegetables: Broad beans, beets, cabbage, carrot, cauliflower, cress, kohlrabi, leek, lettuce, mustard greens, onions, parsnip, peas, radish, silver beet, winter prickly spinach, swedes, white turnips.

To protect corners of flower-beds from careless steppers, and also from damage when the hose is being dragged round the garden, cut pieces of 15in. wide wire-netting about 15in. long. These should be bent at right angles and inserted where the protection is needed. Several 3ft. lengths of this wire-

netting can also be placed to protect plantings at path curvings which would otherwise be tramped on through the winter or in early spring before the plants are up.

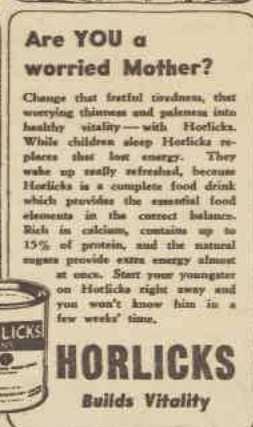
To make sure that you do not wash seeds out of seedboxes after sowing, and to increase the possibility of germination, for cover use finely sieved decayed cow manure instead of soil. A layer not more than half an inch deep is sufficient for big seeds, but small seeds should have about half that amount. Make sure the manure is very old, however.

When the soil in the bottom of a hole intended for the reception of a tree or shrub has been improved by forking it up and mixing organic material, be sure to tramp it to make it firm before setting the plant in place. If this firming is neglected the plant may subside below the grade.

If the winter should prove a dry one, make sure that shrubs and perennials inside the eaves cover do not suffer from thirst. That spot is a particularly dry one, as the rain rarely reaches it on the eastern and northern sides of houses. If the eaves have gutters to carry away the run-off from the roof, of course, there's still greater need to use the can or hose.



**Ashamed
OF MY
OWN SON!**



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Singlets AND SLEEKS

Nile SLEEKS are scientifically designed to follow male anatomy and are knitted from finest Egyptian yarn.



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PRODUCTS**

Note: Full Seat Coverage—No seams to sit on—Designed for perfect comfort...NILE SLEEKS

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Manufactured by Pioneer Softgoods Industries Pty. Ltd., 134 Broadway, Sydney

Elizabeth Cooke,

Famous Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert, says,

**"Kraft Cheese tastes better
because it's **BLENDED BETTER**"**



**Vegetables taste more
exciting this way:**

Here's a delicious cheese sauce that will
give added zest to your cooked vegetables.

Cheese Sauce. 4 oz. Kraft Cheese Shred-
ded; 4 tablespoons milk; salt and pepper
to taste. Stir briskly over a double boiler
till smooth and thick.



Kraft Cheese is Delicious Nourishment

"No matter how you serve Kraft Cheese",
says Elizabeth Cooke, "you give your
family concentrated food value. You can
cook Kraft Cheese into an exciting family
meal... serve it in salads, savouries, snacks
or sandwiches — and you'll have the
satisfaction of knowing that every mouth-
ful is a real body builder. Kraft Cheese
is rich in protein, calcium, phosphorus
plus Vitamins A, B and D."

Blended to perfection, and then flavour-
sealed in its attractive wrapper, Kraft
Cheese stays fresh and moist to the last
golden slice... and you always get the
mellow, mature flavour you like so much.
Kraft have taken all the guess work out
of cheese buying. Ask for Kraft Cheese
either in the smart 8 oz. packet, or have
the exact quantity you want sliced from
the economical 5 lb. loaf.



**Walter Hunt
invented the first
safety pin,**

and



**J. L. Kraft
was the first to perfect
a blended processed cheese.**

In 1916, J. L. Kraft discovered the secret of blending
tasty and mild cheddars. He discovered how to make
one creamy smooth cheese that always has the same
mellow flavour and stays fresh and moist to the last
delicious slice — Kraft Cheddar Cheese. This is
the cheese you buy today, blended from Australia's
choicest prize-winning mild and tasty cheddars.

LISTEN TO "MARY LIVINGSTONE, M.D."

*—the story of a brilliant woman doctor.
Every Mon., Tues., Wed. and Thurs.*

N.S.W. 2UW at 11.30 a.m., 2GZ-KA-WL at 9.30 a.m., 2KO at
9.30 a.m. VIC. 3DB-LK at 9.30 a.m., 3BO at 10.15 a.m., 3BA at
9.15 a.m. QLD. 4BK-AK-IP at 10.15 a.m., 4RO at 9.15 a.m.,
4TO at 9.45 a.m. S.A. 5AD-MU-PI-SE at 9.30 a.m. W.A. 6DX-
WB-MD at 10.30 a.m. TAS. 7HT at 9.45 a.m., 7EX at 9.45 a.m.



KRAFT CHEESE

Dinner by Daughter

● Simple food, well cooked, is a fine rule for teen-age cooks. The roast joint makes any dinner important and is perhaps the easiest method of meat cookery to learn.

THIS simple menu is worth perfecting by daughter for mother's day off. It is a good week-end menu, and planned here for a family of four.

Celery Broth
Baked Shoulder of Lamb
Mint Jelly
Stuffed Tomatoes *Baked Potatoes*
Green Peas
Honey Apple Sponge
Coffee

THE BROTH

When buying the shoulder of lamb include the knuckle in the purchase.

One knuckle of lamb, 1 onion, 1 cup chopped celery, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 or 3 sprigs of parsley, sprig of mint, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley for garnish, 2½ pints of water.

Boil the meat in cold water, but do not skil. Score the meat across several times. Place the meat in cold water, bring to the boil, simmer a few minutes, and remove the skin. Add sliced onion, celery, salt, parsley, and mint sprigs. Cover tightly and simmer very slowly for about 2 hours. Strain broth. May be flavored further if liked with ½ teaspoon of marmite or similar preparation, or 1 tablespoon dry sherry may be added. Correct seasoning to taste. Serve steaming hot sprinkled with chopped parsley. For fax.

THE MEAT

An average-sized shoulder weighs about 1½ lb. It may be cooked on the bone, or the bone may be removed by the butcher and used for stock, and the shoulder meat rolled and skewered or tied with string. Or the shoulder may be stuffed with good seasoning in the shape of a fat cushion or spread with stuffing, rolled and tied.

Little time and effort are required to get a roast ready for the oven. Wipe the meat over with a clean, damp cloth, but do not wash it or stand in water. The meat is seasoned at the end of cooking.

Melt 2 to 3 tablespoons (heaped) of dripping in the pan. Place the meat in the hot fat with the fat side uppermost. As it cooks, the fat melts and runs over the meat, making basting during cooking unnecessary.

The meat may be placed on a low rack in the pan but with the correct low temperature this is not necessary.

Meat has a better flavor if it is baked uncovered.

Place in centre or lower half of oven.

Meat baked at a low temperature is juicy, tender, and uniformly cooked. Place the meat in a cold or moderate oven and cook slowly (150 deg. F.), allowing about 40 minutes per lb. for a medium degree of doneness. The fat should be melting only very gently and almost unobtrusively.

The meat thermometer is the best test for degree of doneness. This is not on the market at present, but when meat thermometers are available, buy one and find out how to use it.

Lamb should be medium or well done. Beef is best rare or medium, while pork and veal must be well done.

MINT JELLY

Mint sauce or mint jelly or tart apple or currant jelly is the traditional accompaniment of roast lamb.

To make the mint jelly, chop mint leaves finely and to 1 tablespoon chopped mint leaves add about 1-3rd cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, and 1 cup boiling water. Stand for about 1 hour and then add 1 dessertspoon gelatine dissolved in 1 cup boiling water. Strain through a fine strainer and color with green coloring. Chill in the refrigerator or on ice. Quick chilling can be done in an ice tray of the refrigerator. Serve chopped in lemon cases or in separate dish to be handed round the table.

THE VEGETABLES

Baked Potatoes: Choose medium, even-sized potatoes, allowing one potato per person, and peel thinly just before placing in oven. Cut the potatoes in two across the centre. Dry in cloth, and place in hot fat round the meat. Allow at least 1 hour for potatoes cooked with a low temperature roast. Turn after 30 minutes. Season before serving with pepper and salt.

Onions, pumpkin squares about 1½ in. square, small squash, and parsnips can also be baked with the meat.

Stuffed Tomatoes: Choose medium, even-sized tomatoes. Cut off tops and scoop out centre pulp, leaving firm cases. For four tomatoes allow 1½ cups breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 1 teaspoon dried herbs, dash of pepper, and enough milk to moisten without making the mixture too wet. Season inside of tomatoes with pepper and salt. Fill with seasoning, dot tops with butter, and place on a greased tray. Allow about 1 hour on the bottom of a slow oven.

Green Peas: Allow 1½ lb. peas to four persons. Shell and place in saucepan with a level teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, sprig of mint, and 1 or 2 washed pods. Add about 2 cups hot water. Cook in a lidded pan for about 10 minutes or until peas are tender. Drain. Time cooking so that peas are served immediately after draining.

THE SWEET

A large variety of simple sweets can be cooked in the oven with a baked dinner. This light variety of fluffy apple-ple is always popular.

Honey Apple Sponge: Four tablespoons self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1 table-

spoon honey, 1 cup milk, 3 or 4 apples, 1 cup water, 1 or 2 cloves or a curl of thinly peeled lemon rind, ½ cup sugar.

Peel and core apples and cut each into about 8 wedges. Add water, cloves or lemon rind, and sugar, and quickly to a smooth, thick batter. Simmer gently until tender. Place apples in a greased pliedish, moistening well with the syrup, but straining off surplus syrup.

Sift flour, spice, and salt. Rub in butter and add the mixed beaten egg, honey, and milk, mixing lightly and quickly to a smooth, thick batter. Pour batter over apples. Place toward top of oven and allow about 40 minutes for baking. Serve hot. While hot, top of sponge may be sprinkled with honey and topped with chopped nuts or dusted with mixture of cinnamon and brown sugar.

THE COFFEE

A demi-tasse or small cup of black coffee is the usual service for coffee after dinner. Cream or hot milk may be passed round the table. Serve at table or in sitting-room.

THIS IS EASY, says Joan, as she shows off her Mother's Day dinner of roast shoulder, stuffed tomatoes, and mint jelly in lemon cases. See recipes.

For weak coffee, use 1 level tablespoon coffee to ½ pint water.

For medium coffee, use 2 level tablespoons coffee to ½ pint water.

For strong coffee, use 3 level tablespoons coffee to ½ pint water.

Coffee Made in Pan: Warm the coffee grains in the pan. Add hot water and 1 pinch of salt. Cover to preserve aroma. Bring to boiling point, reduce heat, and allow to settle. Add about 1 cup cold water to about 1 pint of coffee to settle grains. Do not stir. Pour gently through fine strainer into warmed coffee pot.

Percolated Coffee: Measure fresh cold water into the pot, allowing for the required number of persons. Measure coffee grains into the basket. Use a medium heat until the water begins to percolate into the coffee. Lower heat and allow about 7 or 8 minutes. Serve at once.



By ...
 The Australian Women's Weekly
 Food and Cookery Expert

Introduction
to Quality

It's not "Mother Hubbard" who's been to the cupboard. Mira Plum Jam is a favourite everywhere. So ask YOUR grocer for Rosella Mira Plum today.

MIRA
PLUM JAM

Rosella

SOME SOUND ADVICE FROM HILDA HOUSEWIFE

"The Ideal Mate for your Gas Stove" is

THE MATCHLESS
'FIREFLY'
GAS LIGHTER

Each flick of the trigger gives a certain light and there are hundreds of flicks before a new flint is necessary. With a "Firefly" Gas Lighter you save labour ... expense ... and banish "dead" matches in the kitchen. Remember—the "Firefly" never fails.

GUARANTEED

POPE

PRODUCT
FROM THE
KITCHEN UTILITY DIVISION

Itching Skin Germs Killed in 3 Days

Thanks to the discovery of an American physician, it is now possible to kill and remove the true cause of most skin troubles. Your skin has nearly 10 million tiny seams and pores where invisible germs and parasites can hide, and which are the true cause of terrible itching, cracking, peeling, burning, stinging, acne, freckles, blackheads, pimples, foot itch and other disfiguring blemishes.

Hemorrhages such as these make you look and feel embarrassed, unattractive, and handicapped in life, both socially and in business. You can't get rid of these disfigurements with ordinary treatments, which give only temporary relief, because they do not kill the germs or parasites responsible for your trouble.

New Discovery Kills Cause

Former skin sufferers throughout the world are now praising Nixoderm, the discovery of a leading American skin specialist. This remarkable new preparation quickly penetrates into the pores of the skin, and kills the germs and parasites responsible for your trouble in 7 minutes, stopping the itch almost instantly. At the same time this wonderful preparation acts as a tonic and skin food, so that as the cause of your trouble is removed, your skin becomes soft, smooth, and clear. This clear, healthy complexion will give you new charm and make it easy to win friends.

Praised by Doctors

Dr. T. A. Ellis, well-known physician of Toronto, Canada, recently stated: "Skin disorders caused by parasites, as many are, yield to Nixoderm. These parasites are invisible to the naked eye. They eat away the skin, forming ugly eruptions. Ordinary ointments or remedies fail completely, or give only temporary results because they do not reach the cause of the condition. It is this value about Nixoderm in attacking parasites which impresses me most favorably, and explains in large measure the success it enjoys over many stubborn cases."

Guaranteed Results

Get Nixoderm to-day. Put it to the test. In a few minutes you will find that the itching has stopped, and in 24 hours you can see for yourself that your skin is clearer. And it is guaranteed that, within one week, Nixoderm must make your skin soft, clear, smooth, and attractive or money back on return of empty package. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you. So don't delay. Get Nixoderm to-day.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

BANANA in fruit salad will not discolor if fruit juice (orange, lemon, or pineapple) is added immediately. Allow to stand some time, sprinkled thickly with sugar, to develop flavor.

SAVORY dish of crumbed brains, grilled tomato halves, and peas ... quick, easy, and colorful for week-day luncheon or Saturday supper.

Four savory dishes

● First place this week in our recipe contest to cheese and nut loaf with browned onion sauce. Serve it some time as the main dish for a meatless meal.

If nuts are not available for the cheese and nut loaf try using one cup par-boiled diced celery instead of the nuts.

Breast of mutton has a low coupon rating (1½lb. per coupon). Braised with vegetables and split peas (or rolled oats if you haven't split peas), it makes a hearty winter dinner dish. Help flavor along by adding bacon rind—removing it before serving.

The savory vegetable flan, cut in thick wedges when cold, will help to fill the lunch box and so lessen the amount of butter used for sandwiches.

Send in your family favorite—it may win you the main prize in our popular recipe competition.

CHEESE AND NUT LOAF

One cup grated cheese, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, 1 cup (or less) finely chopped nuts, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon minced onion.

Combine cheese, breadcrumbs, onion, nuts, salt, and pepper. Beat egg, add mustard and milk. Pour into cheese mixture, fill into well-greased paper-lined loaf-tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with browned onion sauce.

Browned Onion Sauce: Brown 1 sliced onion in 1 tablespoon hot fat, add 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, brown lightly. Stir in 2 cups meat or vegetable stock and 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper (if desired). Simmer 10 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Miss D. E. Irvine, c/o People's Palace, Pitt St., Sydney.

SPICED MEAT MOULD

One pig's cheek, 1½lb. shin of beef, water, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon gelatine, parsley.

Simmer pig's cheek until tender

in boiling water with a small clove-stuck onion and 1 teaspoon brown sugar. Allow to cool, remove flesh and cut finely.

Chop beef finely, cover with water, add chopped onion, both sauces, spice and salt. Simmer until tender. Drain liquid off—adding extra water if necessary to make 2 cups. Soften gelatine in 1 tablespoon hot water, stir into meat mixture, add meat from pig's cheek and chopped parsley. Pour into wetted mould, press and chill thoroughly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to A. M. Moxton, 263 Margaret St., Toowoomba, Qld.

BRAISED BREAST OF MUTTON

One and a half pounds breast of mutton (unsalted), 3 tablespoons split peas, 1 onion, 1 carrot, 1 small swede, 4 medium potatoes, salt and pepper to taste, fat.

Trim surplus fat from meat, cut into pieces, brown lightly in hot fat. Place in pan with water to cover, salt and pepper, well washed split peas. Simmer, tightly covered, 1 hour. Add diced vegetables, except potatoes, simmer further 1 hour. Place sliced potatoes on top of mixture and continue simmering 30 minutes. Turn on to hot serving dish, keeping potatoes on top, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve very hot with green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. G. Taplin, State School, Boobie, via Kingaroy, Qld.

SAVORY VEGETABLE FLAN

Eight ounces shortcrust pastry, two tomatoes, 1 small onion, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup grated cheese, pepper, salt, 1 teaspoon butter.

Roll out pastry, line a flan tin or tart plate, reserving sufficient pastry to cover top. Peel and slice tomatoes and place into pastry case alternately with thinly sliced onion, peas, grated cheese, pepper and salt. Dot with butter. Moisten edge of pastry, place top piece in position, pressing edges well together. Brush with milk. Bake in a hot oven (400deg. F.) 30 to 35 minutes, reducing heat after first 15 minutes. Serve hot or cold, cut in thick wedges.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Tennant, 198 Charles St., Launceston, Tas.

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IN the
Fashion

Dress or hairstyle,
you will always
find Kirby Beard
Products giving
that little extra
touch of perfection.



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PINS-HAIRPINS
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Obtainable from all good types
KIRBY BEARD & CO. LTD. BIRMINGHAM

JUNIPAH
GIVES ME
INNER
CLEANLINESS
AND
OUTER
FRESHNESS

For inner cleanliness and outer freshness you can depend on the natural gentle action of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts. Containing the oil of Juniper berries, famous Junipah Spa Salts relieve kidney disorders, keep you fit and slim. Get a jar of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts to-day.

JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

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Do you suffer through the taste of excessive drinking? Eucrasy has been the means of changing excess to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required, posted in plain wrapper.

Price 28/- Full Course
Dept. W, EUCRASY CO.
287 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

FORD PILLS
are different

FORD PILLS
are here again

FORD PILLS

contain the concentrated extract of bitter apples and give you the natural laxative properties of fruit.

Get Ford Pills in unbreakable tubes ... 2/6 at your nearest chemist or store.

Q:
How far should
a tomato
travel?

A:
The shortest
possible
distance



*The 'Victoree' Factory
is right in the middle
of our Gardens*



Those plump, juicy tomatoes that go into the making of Victoree Tomato Sauce and Tomato Soup are picked when they are at the top of their flavour — and cooked the same day. They go straight from their bush to the factory, which is smack in the middle of the gardens.

Those luscious, juicy tomatoes just couldn't be fresher! And you'll notice that garden freshness the very moment you taste Victoree Tomato Sauce and Victoree Tomato Soup.

"Victoree"

**TOMATO SAUCE
and TOMATO SOUP**





Days gone by and Days to come . . .

Many, many days have gone by since you were able to pick and choose from ranges of beautiful bedcovers.

In the days soon to come, your opportunity will again occur, for Vantona are producing an entirely new series of bedcovers which, for sheer beauty, are without parallel. Look forward to this day . . . and look for the name "Vantona."

In addition to "Court" Bedcovers, the Vantona range includes "Jogous Morn" Towels, Blankets, Down Quills, Ticks and Tickings—all will bear the VANTONA Tab.

VANTONA *household* **TEXTILES**
VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

Defy Greyness—

and buy back 10 years
of your life!

INECTO
HAIR COLOURING



... your nerves

suffer .. when it's

"STANDING ROOM ONLY"

CLEMENTS TONIC
keeps you fighting fit!

Food shortages, queue-standing, curtailment of transport, all add up to increased living strain. If you find it taking toll of your nerves . . . you feel cranky and listless, no appetite and sleeping badly . . . then take Clements Tonic right away. In no time, Clements will have you well and happy again, and living will no longer be a nightmarish strain.

Over 30,000,000 bottles sold in 60 years

This satisfied user says: "I have used Clements Tonic at different periods of my life and it has never failed me. This last month my eyes were giving me a lot of trouble—I had them examined—told that my eyes were in bad state . . . I thought, I will try one or two bottles of Clements. I got a small bottle, felt a little better, then procured a larger bottle . . . and I feel quite a new woman." Mrs. C.C.

(Original letter on file for inspection).



CLEMENTS TONIC

2-126



BACK VIEW of the exclusively designed model. Note attractive cut-out back and cute hatpin.



SOPHISTICATED with a definite softness and allure . . . Here the hair is swept up and the hat is tilted slightly forward. Veiling can be worn over the face or up, to suit your mood.

HAT OF THE MONTH

"Rendezvous" — glamor model
priced at 39/11

THE notable French milliner who designed this month's model hat for The Australian Women's Weekly readers has given it the glamorous name of "Rendezvous."

"Rendezvous" will have special appeal for all smart women—anyone can wear it with charm and distinction.

Pictures show ways in which you can wear "Rendezvous."

If you wish, the veiling can be caught beneath the chin with a costume jewel or misted over the face as shown above. It fits the head beautifully, and is so easy to wear.

Choose from these four colors:

Olive-green or Duchess-blue in finest wool felt, trimmed with palest pink hand-made satin roses, soft green rose leaves, swathed with misty veiling.

Pastel pink felt with palest blue satin roses, soft green leaves, and pastel veiling.

Black felt with pastel pink or pastel blue hand-made satin roses, green rose leaves, and pastel veiling.

"Rendezvous," The Australian Women's Weekly model of the month, costs 39/11 plus 2/- postage. N.B.: It comes in a special box by registered mail.

Send your order to The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Department. Address in each State is given under the concession coupon, Fashion Pattern, page 33.

"RENDEZVOUS" has a very definite air of distinction which will immediately label you as a woman of fashion. Worn at this angle it will give you that smart Parisienne look.



CLEAR SKETCH of "Rendezvous" showing off to advantage the wool felt base, satin roses, green leaves, and soft pastel veiling.

7777
Eau de Cologne

AND



At all Leading Stores and Chemists.

LOOK
Younger
LOVELIER BY
TOMORROW
MORNING!



Let 'Facial Youth' work magic changes in your looks—make you look years younger overnight! Ends Blackhead, Open Pores, Shiny or Greasy Nose, Dryness, and actually restores the natural suppleness of youth to the skin. An unequalled powder base—tool 1/4, 1/16, and 2/8 everywhere, or Kathleen Court, 170 Clarence St., Sydney.

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'FACIAL YOUTH'

Beautifying CREAM



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for GIRLS
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Here is YOUR Opportunity to study for a Worth-while Career for Yourself. STOTT'S can prepare you—intensively—in the privacy of YOUR OWN HOME. Without any obligation whatsoever. SEND THE COUPON for particulars of any of the following courses:

Shorthand, Typing, Handwriting, Bookkeeping (Farm, Nurses, Airframe, Station, Mercantile), Commercial Art, Accountancy, Dressmaking and Story Writing, Journalism (Fiction), Shorthand, University Exams, Correspondence, Draftsmanship, Mail Order, Architectural Work, Window Dressing, Commercial English, Salesmanship, Com. Arithmetic, Engineering (Domestic), General Education, Motor, Radio, etc.

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Mail This Coupon: Cut Here — TO STOTT'S (Nearest Address, see List). I should like details of your courses in: MY NAME ADDRESS AGE

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 4, 1946



The Way to Health

Constipation can make you feel tired, jittery, out-of-sorts. Keep free from constipation with Nyal Figsen—the gentle, natural laxative. Chew one or two pleasant-tasting Figsen tablets tonight before going to bed. In the morning Figsen acts gently yet thoroughly without pain or discomfort. Nyal Figsen is sold by chemists everywhere—24 tablets—1/3.

Nyal Figsen

THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

DON'T "ACCEPT" ASTHMA

is your lot in life. No one need suffer discomfort and distress when prompt relief can be had from Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. When you feel an attack is imminent just inhale a few whiffs of the rich aromatic smoke of ASTHMADOR: breathing is easier at once. The air passages are cleared, there is no more discomfort. You can breathe! Sufferers have relied on Dr. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR for 77 years. To-day modern laboratory conditions are used to blend the finest quality herbs according to the original formula. ASTHMADOR is easy to get from any chemist.

Sustralian Distributors:
FARRITT & JOHNSON LTD.
34-40 Chalmers St., Sydney, N.S.W.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

"If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Pain in Back, Nervousness, Headache, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Indigestion and Bloating, Puffy Ankles, or Swollen Feet, etc., you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs, acids and toxins are impeding the vital functioning of your kidneys. Take care! Ordinary medicine can't help much and you must stop these troubles by removing the cause with Cystex, which starts benefit in 3 hours and is almost instantaneous. No Results—No Pay. Cystex: the doctor's prescription, as approved by doctors and chemists in 75 countries, and over 30,000 people have written to say how pleased they are to have found the right medicine for their troubles."

One-time Sufferers Praise This Medicine

Mr. R.T. Twinnville, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff. I had leg pain, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and was unable to sleep. The first dose of Cystex helped me and before I finished three boxes my health and strength came back."

Mr. M.J.E. Thompson, Adelaide, Brisbane: "I have been taking Cystex for Kidney and Bladder trouble and it has made a difference to me. I am feeling splendid, can do all my work, run about and walk miles although I am 47 years of age. Cystex does all you can do for it."

Cystex Helps Nature 3 Ways

1. It is a health-destroying, deadly poison which kills the germs which are poisoning kidneys, bladder and urinary system. 2. It helps nature to strengthen and eliminate toxins and protects against further attack.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money back

Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Use it a thorough way. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, happier in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! See in 2 days—1/3.

GUARANTEED Cystex

Treatment for Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Miss Precious Minutes Says:

DON'T throw away chimney soot. Use as a garden fertiliser—it's really wonderful.

IF you're in a hurry use a stiff scrubbing brush on your carrots—this takes less time than scraping or paring.

SPRUCE up your black or dark felt this winter by using a teaspoonful of ammonia mixed with half a cup of cold tea. You'll be surprised what a difference it will make.

WASH delicate lace collars and cuffs carefully. Place in a jar of warm soapy water and shake. Rinse in the same manner and roll in a towel until dry enough to press with a warm iron.

DID you know that carrot tops can be used as a garnish in the absence of parsley? Very effective, too.

THAT old pair of black suede shoes can be rejuvenated by applying a mixture of equal parts of olive oil and black ink. This treatment removes that slightly "rusty" look the shoes acquire.

CLEAN your rusty tools by soaking them in kerosene and then finishing the cleaning with a wire brush and an emery cloth.



PURSES LAST LONGER when they are carefully emptied and brushed out each time they are used. Frances Rafferty, MGM player, contends that they keep their shape better if they are stuffed with tissue paper when not in use. And if the color or fabric is delicate, wrap them.

BE sure to strike a new paint brush against the palm of your hand two or three times before using it—this to remove any dust that may be in it.

HERE'S a tip for those of you who own tile fireplaces. Sprinkle salt on the tiles and rub vigorously with lemon. Then scrub well.

A rose thorn in the flesh can spell trouble

"MY finger is so sore," complained Mrs. Whinstane. "I ran a thorn into it when I was picking the roses last Monday. When I woke up the next morning it was throbbing and the rose thorn had matter round it."

"I had a job to squeeze out the thorn because it was buried up to its end in the flesh. Since then the finger has been getting more painful and swollen every day in spite of soaking it in hot water."

The finger was swollen for its whole length. The back of the hand was puffy, and there was a red streak running up the arm. The glands in the armpit were swollen.

"You'll have to go into hospital," I told her. "I'll give you injections of penicillin. You'll need a general anaesthetic to have that finger opened."

"Is this what is called a whitlow?" she asked, looking ruefully at her swollen finger.

"Yes," I replied. "The movements of the finger are carried out by means of a tendon which runs through a little tunnel in the finger. I'm sure you have seen the tendon in a fowl's leg when you have been preparing it for the table. The infection from the thorn has spread into this tunnel, and if it is not opened up and allowed to drain out, it will damage the tendon and give you a stiff finger."

"Is there any way I could have prevented the infection from spreading into this tunnel?" asked Mrs. Whinstane.

"There is a very simple way," I assured her. "Last Tuesday morning when you first noticed the rose thorn lying in the centre of a bead of pus, you could have let out the pus and removed the thorn by shaving it with a razor blade."

"How would I do that?" she asked.

"Sterilise a new razor blade by holding the edge in a match flame for three seconds. Wash the finger in warm soapy water, using a swab of cotton-wool. Then shave the skin from the bead of pus with the

razor blade. The edge of the razor blade will catch in the end of the rose thorn and lift that out as well," I explained.

"But wouldn't that be too painful to do to myself?" she asked.

"The skin over a head of pus would be dead, so it would be quite painless," I said. "The top layers of healthy skin have no nerves anyway."

"Did I do wrong in squeezing out the thorn?" she asked.

"I'm afraid you did," I replied. "When a splinter or infection gets into the flesh the body builds up a wall of protective cells round it, just as soldiers put up a front line of resistance to enemy attack."

"If the part is squeezed, the infection is forced through this front line into the healthy tissue deep in. When you squeezed out the thorn you also squeezed the infection into the tendon tunnel of your finger," I explained.

"Did I do right in soaking the finger in hot water?" asked Mrs. Whinstane.

"I find it better to use dry heat for an abscess anywhere in the skin," I told her. "Hot water or hot cloths tend to macerate or soften the skin and start fresh infections. In the case of sore fingers the hot water is apt to burn and interfere with the circulation of the finger."

"I prefer to heat up a pound of common salt or fine sand in a meat dish in the oven. Put this into a pillow case, and wrap it round the whole hand, which is put into a sling."

"Will my finger get all right?" she asked.

"Yes," I assured her, "thanks to penicillin and surgery your finger should be quite normal in three weeks. Before the days of penicillin, you might have had a stiff finger, which would have got in the road of everything you did for the rest of your life. The fingers are as valuable as the eyes and deserve just as much care and attention," I added.

"I'll know how to avoid sore fingers in future," said Mrs. Whinstane, as I telephoned the hospital to make the arrangements.

MATRON CONNELLY

says:



"VEGEMITE is a food essential to good health"

"Every Hospital knows the value of delicious Vegemite," says Matron Connelly. "It is a must in hospitals, where all food served is planned to restore health as quickly as possible."

If you sometimes find Vegemite hard to get, then remember Infant Welfare Centres, Invalids and Convalescents, and Military Hospitals need it so much. Vegemite is the best product of its kind in all Australia.

- ★ Richer in Vitamin B1 (Anserin).
- ★ Richer in Vitamin B2 (Riboflavin).
- ★ Richer in the anti-pellagric factor (Nicotin).
- ★ Tastier and costs less.

VEGEMITE

— a little does a power of good.



KRV2

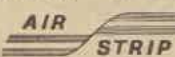
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Greater comfort—quicker healing. In boxes and in 1 yard and 5 yard strips.



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The beauty of Solpah!



Dingy old rooms become smart and modern

Now is the time to Solpah that shabby old linoleum, wood, cement or brick floor. Quick as a flash you can have a beautiful shining surface that looks like a dream — and wears like iron. And you'll find just the colour you want in the Solpah range.



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Heat resistant and rust-proof on all metalwork.



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The highest standard of prepared house paint.



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Brilliant gloss Quick, hard drying Better than enamel.

There's a use for Taubmans paints in every room. It's the easy and inexpensive way to bring colour and smartness into your home. Your dealer is anxious to supply you with Taubmans Paints just as soon as they become available. He may not always have exactly what you want—but keep trying.

TAUBMANS PAINTS

Fashion PATTERNS

F4238.—Fresh spotted suit with belted waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4239.—Prettiest, two-tone evening frock for gay winter parties. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. wide with 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/11.

F4240.—Sweet blouse featuring attractive neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/5.

F4241.—Smartly tailored winter suit with slenderizing line. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4242.—Youthful jacket suit for the young and gay. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.

F4243.—Striped suit for smart day wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/8.



F4241



F4240

F4242



F4243



F4238

* These Fashion Patterns are available at our pattern department. If ordering by mail use the address given on page 33.

4 OUT OF 5

MAY HAVE TROUBLE

PYORRHEA



Tender gums—gums that bleed when you brush your teeth—are nature's warning of Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth.

Beware these warnings. Start now to guard against Pyorrhea this tested Forhan's way. Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's Tooth Paste, the only dentifrice containing the special anti-Pyorrhea astringent developed by R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. In recent clinical tests this simple treatment definitely improved 95% of Pyorrhea-threatened cases in only 30 days.

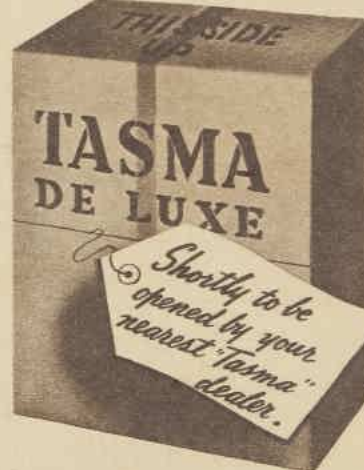
See your dentist regularly. Follow his advice. And start using Forhan's to-day for teeth that sparkle with new brilliance, for healthier, sturdier gums.



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Cleans Teeth — Saves Gums

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Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Troubles!

QUICKLY EASED BY THIS
SYSTEM-CLEANSING
"Internal Bath"

If you suffer the torture of swollen, stiff joints and muscles maybe your organs of elimination are not functioning as they should. Rheumatism, eczema, neuritis, lumbago, backache, sleepless nights, indigestion, dizziness, headaches—all these discomforts are often caused by faulty liver and kidney function. You need the blessed relief of R.U.R. It's a "real internal bath"—cleans away accumulated acids from the sys-

tem quickly and safely, yet contains no dangerous or habit-forming drugs. R.U.R. soothes, tones and cleans kidney and bladder, stimulates the liver to get the bile flowing freely again.

THOUSANDS USE AND PRAISE R.U.R. Ex-Superintendent of Police, Stuart Robinson, whose letter is one of hundreds received, says: "During the past 3 years I have had serious ill-health—muscles and joints causing much pain and stiffness, in addition to liver and kidney trouble. I received little relief until I tried R.U.R. but to-day I feel 18 years younger. The back and muscular pains have gone and general relief has been extremely great."

GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR MONEY BACK
Take R.U.R. and soon you will find your troubles disappear, to be replaced by suppleness, vigour and vibrant health. Full refund with money-back guarantee 7/6, smaller size 4/-, all chemists & stores.

TAKE **R.U.R.**
AND RIGHT YOU ARE!



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